The Traveller, Family Journal,

TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK — SPIRIT OF THE

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OF "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES"

Turf Matters.

RACES TO COME.

Oct. 1st, Union Course (New York.) first meeting.
" " Tree Hill, (Richmond, Va.)
Oct. 2 Liberty, Va.
" 8th, New Market, (Va.)
" 9 Easton, Md.
" Washington, D. C.
" Leonardtown, Md.
" 15th, Central Course, (Baltimore.)
" " Fairfield, (Va.)
" 22d, Timonium (New) Course, Baltimore.
" 28th, Union Course, [New York] second Meeting.

NEW-YORK RACES.

TROTTING MATCH—CENTREVILLE COURSE.

The races over the Centreville Course on Long Island, commenced on Wednesday; the weather was beautiful, and the ground in good condition although somewhat heavy from having been recently ploughed; this of course affected the time to some extent. From the high reputation of two of the Trotters entered for the purse, great expectations of fine sport were entertained, and the course was well attended. Screwdriver was decidedly the favorite; his great going at Philadelphia in the Spring, when he made his three miles in 5 minutes and 1 second, had given an exalted opinion of his capacity, and his friends readily offered 100 to 80 upon him against the field. It was known however that his steadiness could not always be relied on so perfectly as could be wished, and the backers of Coldumbus were evidently in high spirits.

The horses entered for the first day, were—Screwdriver, Collector and Columbus—Three miles under saddle—Purse, $300.

In the 1st heat, Collector was distanced—Columbus took the lead and kept it in fine style for about half a mile, when Screwdriver pushed on, passed him, and kept his advantage until the last quarter, when he broke up; Columbus was hard at his heels, and the break was fatal—before Screwdriver could make up for lost time, the heat was won—Time 8 minutes and 14 seconds.

Second Heat.—Columbus and Screwdriver started alone—Screwdriver broke again almost at the outset, and appeared so unwilling to come to his work, that he was withdrawn, and the purse was in consequence left to Columbus.

It is but fair to state that Columbus broke three times in the first heat, but he seemed to gain rather than lose by it; he was observed to push on at a very increased rate after every break, as though the change of pace, short as it was, had given him much relief.

We have not received accounts of the second day's trotting in time for this page: it will be found on the second.

From the Easton Sentinel.

NOVEL AND SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

From a friend lately returned from Cincinnati, we have learned the following particulars, of perhaps one of the most remarkable occurrences that ever took place in this country. One of the clerks in a large wholesale establishment in Cincinnati, was awakened at night by a noise in the upper story, and proceeded to ascertain the cause. There was an open hatchway from the garret to the cellar, and down this he heard something fall. Supposing that some goods had been thrown down, he awoke a companion, and they watched the premises so that no one went out until morning, when the cellar was examined, and the body of a man found quite dead, and very much disfigured in the face; he was armed with a knife and pistols, and disguised in a wig and false whiskers. Depending from the hatchway in the third or fourth story, was found a cord fastened by a hook, from which the thief had evidently fallen in the attempt to descend.

The man was buried; but the next day the Mayor ordered him to be taken up and publicly exposed, in hopes that some one would recognize him, and perhaps lead to the detection of accomplices. He was accordingly laid in an Engine house for that purpose, but his face had been so much disfigured by the fall, that the police despaired of having him recognized, until a gentleman stopped to look at the body, who said that he believed he recognized him, but was unwilling to communicate his suspicions until he had ascertained whether or not the object of them was absent from home. He accordingly proceeded to the house of one of the most wealthy an l respectable wholesale merchants in the city, and finding that he was absent and the family unable or unwilling to give an account of h m, he openly avowed his belief that the deceased was no other than Mr. J——.

General consternation followed this avowal, for Mr. J. was a man of high standing and respectability, having an intelligent and well educated family, and possessed of a fortune valued at not less than $100,000. Some of the members of the family were brought to the body, and acknowledged the fact that it was the corpse of their parent. The house of the deceased was immediately taken possession of by the police, and was found to have been a perfect receptacle of stolen goods, possessed of every convenience for carrying on the trade. A range of stores four stories high, had been owned and occupied by him, and were provided with vaults for the purposes of concealment, and with subterraneous passages, leading to other houses, over which no doubt he had the control. The stacks of chimneys had been converted into channels for the conveying goods in and out without exposure to the public eye. Goods were there found which had been stolen four years before, and some which could have been taken only the night before his death.

The young gentleman who first heard him, and caused his fall, it is said was engaged to one of the daughters, and both he and she have attempted to commit suicide since the unfortunate affair has taken place.

What would English audiences and *artistes* say to the following code, by which the Roman Theatres are at present directed?—Any actor introducing into his part an expression not contained in the prompter's book, is liable to be *sent to the gallies for five years!* If any one gives a box on the ear to another, it is at the price of *ten years at the gallies!* With respect to the audience, any one who rises from his seat in the pit, is subject to a fine of five *ecus*. Any one entering the theatre with any offensive arms whatsoever, is to be sent to the gallies for life; and any one wounding any individual in the theatre, is subject to death. The slightest sign of either applause or disapprobation is strictly forbidden, and any one infringing this order is to be imprisoned for six months!

It is estimated that the pecuniary loss to Louisiana by the death of slaves with cholera, is $4,000,000.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

Jane Lewson.—Mrs. Lewson (commonly called Lady Lewson, from her very eccentric manner of dress) was born in the year 1700, during the reign of William and Mary, in Essex street, in the Strand, of reputable parents of the name of Vaughan, and was married at an early age to Mr. Lewson, a wealthy gentleman, then living in the house in which she died. She became a widow at the age of twenty-six, having only one daughter living at the time. Mrs. Lewson being left by her husband in affluent circumstances, preferred to continue single, and remained so, although she had many suitors. When her daughter married, being left alone, she became fond of retirement, and rarely went out, or permitted the visits of any person.—For the last thirty years of her life she kept no servant, except one old female, who died after a servitude of twenty years, and was succeeded by her grand-daughter, who marrying shortly after, was replaced by an old man, who attended the different houses in the square to go of errands, clean shoes, &c. Mrs. Lewson took this man into her house, and he acted as her steward, butler, cook, and housemaid; and with the exception of two old lap dogs and a cat, he was her only companion. The house she occupied was large, and elegantly furnished, but very ancient: the beds were kept constantly made, although they had not been slept in for about thirty years. Her apartment being occasionally swept out, but never washed, the windows were so crusted with dirt that they hardly admitted a ray of light. She used to tell her acquaintance, that, if the rooms were wetted, it might be the occasion of her catching cold; and as to cleaning the windows, she observed that many accidents happened through that ridiculous practice: the glass might be broke, the person might be wounded, and the expense would fall upon her to repair them. A large garden in the rear of the house was the only thing she paid attention to; this was always kept in good order: and here, when the weather permitted, she enjoyed the air, or sometimes sat and read, of which she was particularly fond; or else chatted on times past, with any of the few remaining acquaintances, whose visits she permitted. She seldom visited, except at a grocer's in the square, with whom she dealt. She had for many years survived every relative within many degrees of kindred. She was so partial to the fashions that prevailed in her youthful days, that she never changed the manner of her dress from that worn in the time of George 1. being always decorated

"With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales and things."

She always wore powder, with a large tache made of horse hair upon her head, over which the hair was turned up, and a cap over it which knotted under her chin, and three or four curls hanging down her neck; she generally wore silk gowns, and the train long, with a deep flounce all round; a very long waist, very tightly laced up to her neck, round which was a kind of ruff or frill. The sleeves of her gown came down below the elbow, from each of which four or five large cuffs were attached; a large bonnet quite flat, high heeled shoes, a large black silk cloak, trimmed round with lace, and a gold-headed cane, completed her every day costume for the last eighty years, and in which she walked round the square.

She never washed herself, because those people who did so, she said, were always taking cold, or laying the foundation of some dreadful disorder: her method was, to besmear her face and neck all over with hog's lard, because that was soft and lubricating; and then, because she wanted a little color on her cheeks, she used to bedaub them with rose pink!

Her manner of living was so methodical, that she would not drink her tea out of any other than a favorite cup. She was equally particular with respect to her knives, forks, plates, &c. At breakfast she arranged in a particular way the paraphernalia of the tea table; at dinner, she also observed a general rule, and always sat in a favorite chair.—She always enjoyed an excellent state of health, assisted in regulating her house, and never had, until a short time previous to her decease, an hour's illness. She entertained the greatest aversion to medicine; and what is remarkable, she cut two new teeth at the age of 87, and was never troubled with the tooth-ache. She lived in five reigns, and was supposed the most faithful historian of her time: events of the year 1715 being fresh in her recollection. A few days previous to her death, an old lady, who was her neighbor, died suddenly, which had such an effect upon her, that she frequently said her time was also come, and she should soon follow. She enjoyed all her faculties until that period, when she became weak, took to her bed, and refused medical aid. Her conduct to her few distant relations was exceedingly capricious, and she would never see any of them: and it was not until a few hours before her dissolution, that any alteration was observed in her temper.

She died on Tuesday, May 28, 1816, at her house in Cold Bath Square, at the advanced age of 116; and was buried in Bunhill-fields burying ground.

James Taylor.—This extraordinary character, better known by the name of Jemmy Taylor, the Southwark tinker, was a native of Leicestershire, bred a weaver and afterwards became a stock broker. At this trade he wove a web worth 200,000*l.* a proof that the shuttle of politics, and the silk of usury, had produced a suit far exceeding the value of the most gorgeous garment worn by any eastern monarch, from a Persian loom. Yet this sum never adorned him or kept him warm. The blanket of a beggar would have served his purpose as well. He fared worse than the meanest mechanic. His raiment was ragged, his food indifferent and scanty, and his bed hard; for he lay upon nothing but rags and straw on the bare floor, and in a house which was hardly habitable.

Two banker's clerks once called upon Jemmy, at his earnest invitation, to take *pot-luck* with him.—They found him boiling a solitary mutton chop, in an ocean of water, to make, what he called, *cantofotable* broth, for himself, and for his old friend Daniel Dancer, whom he hourly expected. After some complimentary solicitation, they prevailed upon him to fetch a pot of porter; and while he was gone, they threw three halfpenny candles and two pieces into his cookery: which, no doubt, improved the culinary mess, and made it more delectable to the old hunks who, as it appeared, devoured it with keen appetites. But the next time Jemmy Taylor met his visitors upon the Change, he accused them of stealing his *ex dies*. Of this charge they cleared themselves, by solemnly declaring, they had only committed them to the pot, at the bottom of which he would find the wicks, if his hunger had not caused him to swallow them unperceived.

Jemmy Taylor always appeared in the street with a long stick and cloured shoes, and innumerable darns and patches in his clothes. He never went to market for more than a *fivepenny steak* at a time, and this he generally chose for its savoriness; an outside piece, grown black by the wind, and mostly fly-blown, was his choice; for he thriftily observed, "that meat was nothing, unless it smelt as well as tasted." His acquaintance used often to represent to him his folly in being so parsimonious and self-denying; and as he was fast growing old, observed to him the propriety of indulging himself a little in comfortable things: but to all idea of expense, Jemmy Taylor was totally deaf. His reply used always to be, "that if his successors had as much pleasure in spending his property, as he had in hoarding it up, they need not complain of their lot in the world."

If parity of years is the first step to friendship, parity of pursuits may be said to be the second.—Jemmy Taylor knew all the *miscrables* of the metropolis; among the most conspicuous of whom, he ranked two well known brothers of *Spitalfields*.—These were likewise weavers; and in their time had accumulated, by usury and speculation, the enormous sum of 300,000*l.* which they kept at interest in the funds, and were thus always able to oblige a friend with any sum at a moment's warning. Previous to the tax upon legacies, these worthies had made wills; but upon the necessity of using stamps, they made over their property to their nephews and neices, in order to evade the duty, and thereby saved from government, into their own pockets, upwards of 3000*l.* The eldest of these saving ones, ordered a very old shirt to be put on him but a day before he departed the world, in order to disappoint the nurse of a good one. Had Jemmy Taylor lived to hear of the deaths of these friends of his, he, no doubt, would have very much approved of these saving contrivances.

A short time after the conclusion of the American war, the Earl of Northumberland having occasion for 74,000*l.* to make a purchase, applied to his broker, and appointed a certain day to do the transfer. At the time and place of meeting, which was the round room at the Bank, they found Taylor, whose appearance was exactly that of a coachman's watering-man. The broker brought Jemmy forward to his grace: who not knowing him, thought he was a beggar, that wanted alms; but being assured by Mr. *Consols*, that he was a *warm man*, his grace at last shook hands with him, and Jemmy accommodated the peer with the 74,000*l.* out of one stock, in the four per cents. where he usually kept his largest bulk of cash; and whence it appeared by the books, he could have sold out as much more, and yet have had as much left, as would have made him comfortable all the rest of his life.

One day, observing some ladies, near the Bank, buying some very fine fruit, he kept his eyes so wistfully fixed upon them, that one of them, thinking him in great want, sent him out sixpence, which he received with a low bow, and immediately set off, and bought a twopenny steak, which he brought past the ladies, to show them that he had not misapplied their bounty.

That Jemmy was in the habit of practising the virtue of *self-denial*, the following anecdote will evince:—The person appointed to collect the parish rate, having one day called for his assessment at his house, in King street and inquiring for Mr. Taylor, he was told by the servant who opened the door, that "there was not a *soul* in the house." The collector, perceiving old Hunks peeping between the bannisters, replied, "that she was quite right, as he could only perceive her master, who was well known to have no *soul* at all!"

Though Jemmy had but little religion in his life, yet towards his latter end he discovered some thoughts of an hereafter. Finding himself ill, and fearing his illness might finish his days, he sent for the parish officers, the parson, clerk, and curate, and, after intimating his intention of making a handsome bequest, paid them down *twelve hundred pounds for their prayers for the rest of his soul*; but this bargain was not entirely settled until the gentlemen had returned him twelve months' *interest* by way of *discount*—his usual demand for prompt payment! His enormous fortune devolved to two relatives in the country; whilst his kindred in London were cut off from all participation in it. The name of Mr. Taylor now adorns the donation board of the ancient church of St. Savior, in the Borough. He died in 1793.

A Miracle.—About the beginning of last week a deaf and dumb printer presented himself at our office, asking charity by writing and by signs. We asked him if he could work. He signified his assent most readily and willingly, and accordingly took his station at the case. For several days he worked very faithfully, with all the imperturbable gravity of an Eastern Brahmin, keeping pencil and paper by his side for the purpose of writing down the very few wants and wishes, which he deemed it necessary to communicate. Indeed he seldom wrote any thing but "money" and "copy" and his rigid features seemed to have never relaxed into a smile or gathered into a frown. On Saturday last, one of his co-operators jogged him with his elbow and by signs drew his attention to some matter which he had in his hand. Johnny was completely taken by surprise, and to the astonishment of every one in the office, cried out in a most audible and distinct tone "*Oh yes that's fat.*"

One simultaneous roar from foreman, jours, devil, pressmen and all, succeeded, but Johnny not in the least disconcerted, turned round to his case, and began to pick up type with the same inflexible gravity as before, as if it was no concern of his. Ever since this miraculous restoration to speech, he has had the free use of his tongue, and on being jeered about it, his answer ready was, "I couldn't hear and where was the use of talking."—*Boston Courier.*

Cossack Bravery.—The bravery of the Cossacks is very romantic. When the French were in garrison at Antwerp, in 1813, an Irish officer in the French service, being obliged to repel a party of Cossacks who had approached close to the city, was advancing with his party along the high road, the enemy were coming before them. He was 100 or 150 yards behind some of his men, who were going along in a wood on each side of the road, when the Cossacks suddenly stopped, and one of them came at a smart trot towards him. The officer supposing he brought a flag of truce, desired his men not to fire; when within about 15 yards of Captain B—, he deliberately levelled his carabine and fired. Fortunately the cartridge could not have been rammed down, as the ball struck his left breast, but was stopped by the padding of his coat; he felt it, looked down, and saw the ball falling. The man gallops off, and the French party firing, apparently wounded him, as he fell down in the saddle; but he got off.

The following anecdotes are illustrative of Mozart's extraordinary readiness of invention: the first also proves the enthusiastic manner in which his performances were received in his own country, where (alone) a public audience could at that time fully appreciate them.

"When he visited Prague, towards the winter of 17?7, he gave, by universal desire, a concert in the opera-house, at which all the pieces were of his own composition. At the end of the concert he played on the piano-forte, *extempore*, for half an hour; the audience applauded as violently, that he sat down again; when he had finished, the public was more furious than before, he therefore took his place a third time. A voice in the pit now called out 'from Figaro,'—out which Mozart took as his subject the air 'Non piu andrai,' and made twelve most ingenious and exquisite variations upon it, with which he ended one of the most triumphant performances of his life.—Mozart often visited Doles, the cantor of St. Thomas's School, in Leipsic, with whom he felt much at his ease. One evening, before setting out for Dresden, he supped with Doles, and was in great spirits. The cantor begged of him to leave something in his own handwriting, as a remembrance. Mozart was sleepy, and would leave gone to bed; however, he asked for a piece of paper. This he tore in two, and wrote for five or six minutes; he then rose up with two canons in three parts, one gay and the other doleful; these were tried over separately, but the surprise of the company was at its height when it was discovered that they would go together, and that they produced the most comic effect. In the midst of the laughter which these canons created, Mozart bid the company good night.

FOUCHE AND THE POET.

"A young poet named Dubois, whose head was about as empty as his purse, having exhausted all the resources of his fancy in flattering the powers of the day, closed his series of complimentary addresses by one to Princess Pauline, Bonaparte's favorite sister. Unmindful of the fate of Racine's memoir to Louis XIV., on the misfortunes of nations, Dubois mixed up with his praises of the Princess, some hints borrowed from the Abbe de Saint Pierre's philanthropical reverie on general peace. As the greatest results sometimes arise from the most trivial causes, one of the Princess's *femmes de chambre*, who happened to be a distant relation of the poet, artfully seized a favorable opportunity to present the epistle to her Highness, who carelessly glancing it over, saw the rhymes *Pauline* and *divine*, at the close of every stanza, and promised her patronage to the author of the elegant effusion. 'But where is he?' 'In the antechamber,' replied the officious *femme de chambre*. 'Show him in,' said the Princess; and our poet was accordingly ushered into the perfumed boudoir of Pauline, where he had the happiness of finding himself *tete-a-tete* with his future patroness. 'What can I do for you?' inquired the Princess, after some compliments on M. Dubois's poetic talent. 'If your Imperial Highness would be pleased to recommend me to any little situation in any one of the government offices.' 'Would you like to be employed in Fouche's department?' said Pauline; 'he was complaining the other day that I never asked him for anything:—if you like, I will now put his gallantry to the test.' 'Ah! Madame, how can I express my gratitude!' The Princess sat down to her *secretaire*, and being in one of those happy fits of inspiration when fine rounded periods flow, as it were spontaneously from the pen, she addressed a letter to the Duke of Otranto, in which she spoke of Monsieur Dubois as a man of superior talent, capable of anything, and one in whom she took the liveliest interest.

"Within an hour the protege was at the door of the dispenser of favors; but as he was neither known nor recommended to the porters of the hotel, it may readily be supposed he did not get access to the Minister's antechamber. He was under the necessity of consigning his letter to the hands of those who cared very little about it; and it was accordingly thrown into a basket which contained all the petitions that had been delivered that day. When Fouche turned over the contents of this basket in the evening, he perceived the letter sealed with the Imperial arms. He eagerly opened it, and having read it through, immediately gave orders that four gendarmes should be in readiness to escort his carriage next morning at nine o'clock. It was naturally supposed that he was going to St. Cloud with some important communication; and accordingly the servants were not a little surprised to hear him order the coachman to drive to the Rue Pont aux Chaux; for, in the sixth story of a house in that classic spot, our votary of the Muses had fixed his abode.

"His Excellency's carriage stopped at a baker's shop, and inquiry was made for M. Dubois, *homme de lettres*. The baker's wife replied that there was a poor fellow of that name who lived up in the garret; and, going into the street, she began to call him with the utmost vigour of her lungs. The poet thrust his head out of the window, and seeing a carriage with gendarmes at the door, he immediately concluded that his bold recommendation of a general peace had been disapproved, and that he was about to be arrested and sent to Bicetre to expiate his temerity.

"In the first moment of alarm he could think of no better plan than that of concealing himself in bed; and no reply having been given to the summons of the baker's wife, Fouche, at the risk of breaking his neck, clumbed up the six flights of stairs, and reached the poet's aerial abode. It would require the descriptive humor of a Fielding, or the comic talent of a Liston, to convey any idea of the scene that ensued when his Excellency discovered Pauline's *protege* hid beneath the ragged covering of his miserable couch. Suffice it to say, that poor Dubois, being assured that he was in no danger of arrest, was prevailed on to rise; and in the elegant negligence of a poet's morning costume, he took his place in Fouche's carriage, and was conveyed to the Minister's hotel to breakfast. 'What do you wish that I should do for you, Sir?' inquired Fouche. 'Whatever your excellency may be pleased to do, I shall be grateful for your kindness.' 'Well, would you like to go the Isle of Elba?' I could there give you the appointment of Commissary-General of the Police.' 'I will go to the world's end to please your Excellency,' replied the poet, who looked upon all that had happened during the last hour as a dream. 'Very well; I will sign the appointment, and you shall set off to morrow. On your arrival at Porto-Ferrajo, your instructions will be ready for you.'

"M. Dubois soon packed up his baggage, took his place in the Diligence, and speedily reached his destination.

"It happened that there were at this time two competitors for the contract for working the iron mines of Elba. The new Commissary of Police being a man of great importance, each of the competitors was anxious to obtain his patronage, for which he was offered an interest in the speculation. Fortune, of course, favored the person recommended by M. Dubois; and our poet, whose knowledge of mining was confined to the unprofitable districts of Parnassus, sold his interest in the concern for three thousand francs, which sum he had the good sense to invest immediately in the public funds.

"The first time Fouche met Princess Pauline at the Tuileries, after she had returned from an excursion to Betnieres, he said, 'I hope your Highness is satisfied with what I have done for your *protege*.' 'What *protege* do you mean, Duke? I do not understand you.' 'I mean M. Dubois.—Does not your Highness recollect that about three months ago you wrote me a letter, recommending him in the strongest way?' 'Oh! *mon Dieu!*' said the Princess, smiling; a poor poet, a relation of one of my *femmes de chambre*. He addressed an ode to me some time ago. What have you done with him? Have you made him a clerk in your office?' The Minister, stung to the quick on discovering the blunder he had committed, did not confess that he had converted the poet into a great functionary; but his good friends at court, who knew the fact, took good care to report it. It came to the ears of Bonaparte, who used often to rally his Minister on the subject; and Fouche, as every one knows, had no great relish for joking.

"It may well be supposed that poor Dubois was recalled with as much promptitude as he had been appointed. But the three thousand francs invested in the funds, enabled him, on his return to Paris, to continue his worship of the Muses, and to obtain parasites to praise his poetry, for the sake of eating his dinners, of which the mines of the Isle of Elba amply defrayed the expense."

Manufacture of Corn Brooms.—A Mr. Shipman of Hadley, Mass. is extensively engaged in the manufacture of corn brooms. He has a spacious factory for the purpose, and makes annually, about fifty thousand of this useful and indispensable article. A broom before it is completed, goes through five hands. The handles are made by one set of workmen—the brush is prepared by another—the third puts it on the handle—the fourth trims it, and the fifth paints or stains the handle and finishes it.—This division of labor is said to reduce the cost of a broom about five sixths, of what it would otherwise cost.—*Lynn Messenger*

A Strong-fisted man.—A Philadelphia paper speaks of a man "riding up Chestnut street with a led horse *in his hand*."

HORTICULTURE.

The Horticultural Society celebrated their fifth anniversary in Boston on Wednesday last. At the dinner, the following song, written by himself, was sung by Mr. Finn, with unbounded applause:—

LOVES OF BETSEY BUCKWHEAT AND SIMON SPARROWGRASS.

When Dr. Darwin ruled the tasts of folks with rod despotic;
He sung the love of all the plants, both native and exotic;
I mean to say he thought he did, but he forgot alas!
The loves of Betsey Buckwheat, and one Simon Sparrowgrass.

A culinary maid was she, and he a man hocbaceous.
"Oh! fauk a daisy," he exclaimed, and she, "my goody gracious."
He took his bread and cheese with her, also a little *shrub*,
And after killing *cutterpillars*, swallowed down his *grub*.

This Simon he was very thin, though thick with Bet, by gosh,
For he was like a parsnip long, and she a summer squash;
He called her his sweet sugar *pea*—dwarf marrow fat, I ween—
For love had in his head and heart—his *poll* and *kidney bean*.

His jacket *sawed in patches*, wasn't worth a single shilling,
His pantaloons were full of holes—of course were made of *drilling*;
He said he looked like *scurvy-grass*, and it was most distressing,
Said she "you know I think a *goose* is nothing without *dressing*."

His love was deeply *rooted*—so he thought he'd stir his *stumps*,
And as his mouth did *water*, why he bought a pair of *pumps*;
A *reddish* coat he got cut out, with *turnup* collar jutting,
And so *love apples* did he mean to propose to Betsey *cuttings*.

Her peepers were *black Hamburghs*, and she *stared* all his *sights*;
When Cupid plants his round and *grass* there *shoots* from female *eyes*.
While Simon was a *raking*, little Cupid *after* laughed,
To think how Betsy Buckwheat soon *hoed* him fore and aft.

He vowed to pop the question, and one Sunday night they met,
And there they shared the loaves and fish—a *kitchen cabinet*:
He thought he'd like a stock of Simons, from a little *tallow tree*,
And raise some little *suckers* from a little *nursery*.

"Oh! Betty Buckwheat," then said he, "if you and I don't wed,
I shall return from whence I came—that's to a *parsley bed*:
Them 'ere horse-pistols what you see, shall visit these 'ere lugs;"
Then slow as any *snail* he went, to choose a brace of *slugs*.

"Oh Sparrowgrass! O Sparrowgrass! Oh Sparrowgrass," said she,
"I can't resist—I'm all your own—it's my *fatality*."
But Simon thought, the fingers of her fists were so innocuse,
'Twould take ten dollars to enclose one in a gold-*ring fence*.

As calms succeed a storm sometimes, so storms succeed a calm;
And weeks of *wormwood* followed Simon's honeymoon of *balm*;
For brandy-*blossoms* soon were seen, upon her bottle-nose;
And *bulbs* they budded on his head, for there she planted *blows*.

The forcing system she pursued, was, from the house to scold him;
It prov'd a *hot-house*, for she made, the house too hot to hold him.
For Betsey planted lots of *Box* around his cranium's ledge,
But though he did dislike his *Bet*, it was too late to *hedge*.

His Waspish Bee, he then found out, was but a mere *bunchag*,
For daily to her jugular, she join'd another jug.
Her hands would gather in his *crop*—for she would tear his hair;
And the nature of the *Crab* was grafted, on this kitchen *pair*.

To make an *end* of Sparrowgrass, she swore from the *beginning*;
She starv'd him, though his long lean limbs, did never need much *thinning*;
One day she knocked him down, and ran, in spite of all his prayer;
She was an *Offset* out of doors—he on the ground a *layer*.

So he fell sick, to think no junior Sparrowgrass should be;
A little *hero* he thought to raise—a *Sun-flower* to see,
The Faculty could not restore, his faculties to try 'em:
It is not strange that soon he *died*—he physic took per *diem*.

His plagny Toad in our Frog pond, then drown'd herself one night;
But as all liquors from the Common, now are banish'd quite—
Each 'lection day her ghost appears, and laugh to think—of not her—
That she's the only *Spirit* there, allow'd to mix with *Water*.

Privilege of Peerage.—In a case heard before the Commissioners at the Court of Requests, in Vine-street, on Tuesday week, Lady Elizabeth M—— resisted the payment of a debt of 4*s.* 6*d.* by claiming "the privilege of the Peerage." The amount sued for was chiefly for watch-glasses and keys, supplied to her Lady ship in 1825, by a Mr. Fish, watch-maker at the West end of the town. The plea was held to be good.—*London Paper.*

NEWSPAPERS.

It is an astonishing fact, that in a country free as ours *is*, and where every voter once or twice a year is called upon to discharge a duty at the ballot box, there are many, very many persons, who never read a newspaper, and who know but little more of what is going on in their own country than in the dominions of the Grand Mogul. What they learn of their own political affairs, they learn from verbal communication, subject as it is to various perversions, colorings and misconceptions,—and acting upon such, and such communications only, they venture to attempt to discharge the high and holy, and of course responsible duty of a judge over other men's actions and principles. They venture upon attempting to settle the affairs of a great nation, extending through various degrees of latitude, and embodying an immense variety of interests and prejudices,—and this without the study or qualifications demanded even in the teacher of a common country school, extending not over twenty feet square! What a judge!

Newspapers are in this country one of the necessaries of life, second only to food and clothing, and as imperiously demanding the attention and forethought of men as fire and habitations. Think of living in this world, and of knowing nothing of what is going on within it! Think of a revolution here, and an earthquake there—of a grand discovery here, a sublime invention there—of movements and agitations in one place, influencing the destinies of nations and the world for years, and of improvements and advances in another place, elevating and ennobling the condition of Man,—and yet a FREEMAN, in a free country, standing amidst all, affected by all, and yet IGNORANT of all! What a blank, a cypher, such a man! how little above a mere animal, who eats as he eats, breathes as he breathes, and above whom he is, only in the faculty of speech! For what is intellect without facts, information, direction, calculation? what but a mere slumbering, raked up, smothered ember, needing the *fanning*, what is going on in the world, what the world does as inspired by what it knows,—and that *breeze*, the news of the day, the hurry, the bustle and excitement of the times in which we live, move and think? Talk of *past* knowledge! It is a good foundation on which to build. But the superstructure is to be reared now. This moments' knowledge is worth all past knowledge, as time *present* is worth more than time past. And he who would benefit mankind, or do honor to himself, must come forth into the world, and know what the world is doing, and shape and embody its energies.

History is important, every body grants. Science is important in all estimation. Politics are government,—and as a government is good or bad so a people prosperous or wretched generally speaking. But here in a newspaper we have the History of the very day, all spread before you with a vividness and freshness no historian can equal. The actors themselves, in their images, not their *shoots* from female *eyes*. But *before you!* The substance of such history is to be woven is upon the table. Men talk for themselves,—and no historian talks for more. You are living amongst, the very scenes, in all,—and will ye refuse to buy, to read, or to study what ye are so much interested in? But new-papers are more than historians. They pa*rade* before you all the inventions and discoveries of the times;—that trifle with you, sport with you, amuse you, and condole with you, as well as instruct you. By your own fire side, far from the scenes of interest, no matter whether you are in the crowded city or in a remote country house, yet they bring all before you, and to the very life:—and you are as well and often better informed by them than he who has seen and participated in all. You need not stir from your farm, or your own chair, from your own bed even,—and yet these little messengers, silent and speechless as they are, will take you into the wide world and show forth all that is going on.

Who can live without a newspaper? What *man* will content himself with such ignorance?—Better, far better, live on one meal a day, or live on the cheapest and homeliest of food. Talk of expense! What expense is it? It is the cheapest book you can buy—for there is in it more reading matter than can be purchased in any book for double the sum. A father of a family who does not give his children a newspaper, is guilty of a sin toward them—for he keeps them in ignorance.—He takes away the stimulus that will make them better scholars and better men.—Select then, a newspaper for your children, if not for yourself. Remember the duty you owe them.—*Portland Advertiser.*

TALLEYRAND.

Talleyrand, when first appointed to the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, was sadly "out of suits with Fortune." Yet, poor as he was, he thought it necessary to keep up a certain appearance; and as the carriages which the Directory allowed to ministers were exceedingly plain, he ordered one for himself, the elegance of which was a subject of general remark. But the equipage was not paid for; the coach-maker repeatedly demanded his money; and at length became impatient, on finding that his applications were not attended to. One day he took courage, and worked his way to the Minister's antechamber. The carriage was standing in the court-yard, with two fine horses harnessed to it.—The Minister was of course going out. The coach-maker retired into a corner of the room; but presently the doors were thrown open, and he advanced from his hiding-place with the bill in his hand, and demanded his money. "The bill is correct," observed M. de Talleyrand, "and it must be paid." "Ah! Citizen Minister, times are very hard; you will oblige me greatly." "Oblige you! There is no obligation in the case. It is a just debt, and it must be d scharged." M. de Talleyrand had now reached the court-yard, and was about to step into the carriage. "Citizen Minister," resumed the coachmaker, "you say you will pay me—but when!" "When! My good friend, you are exceedingly curious." He then seated himself in the carriage, and drove off, leaving the poor coachmaker not a little confounded.

Short-sightedness.—It is very remarkable, but we believe, experience will fully justify the observation, that this defect is found among the higher classes of society, almost *exclusively*. It is also extremely singular, that near-sightedness prevails particularly amongst *musicians*—both amateur and professional. At an amateur music party, it was once observed, that of sixteen performers, *fourteen* were near-sighted, and unable to read their notes without glasses. Hot rooms, late hours, and the habit of looking closely at things, particularly drawings and writings, are ascertained to increase, if not to produce, the disorder.

Don Pedro.—The following anecdote is related of Don Pedro, by Kotzebue, the traveller, in a work which is not yet published. He says that he received it from a German painter who is established at Rio Janeiro. The Emperor was sitting to the painter for his portrait, when an officer came into the room to make a report respecting the arrival of certain vessels, &c. He was desired to read the report; but being unable to make out some of the foreign names, and to pronounce others properly, the Emperor got into such a passion with him, that at last he rose from his chair, caught hold of a stick, and tried to give him a good thrashing; but the officer escaped from the royal chastisement for a long while, by dodging his Majesty round the room, and in particular by sheltering himself behind the easel on which the canvas was extended for the whole-length portrait of his Majesty.

A NOCTURNAL SOLILOQUY.

This world—what is this world!—solil*oquized* Sammy Stetson, cordwainer *on the ladies' beat*, as he doubled Wright's corner, and pursued his way up Market-street, somewhat after the "manner of night." Why I'll tell you what this world is—a miserable rapscallion—that's a fact (stamping his foot)—and what's more—not what's more than a fact, but what's more than—than—I cant fix it, so let it go, my organ of language is all down to the heel—what's more, there are few things in this world that are not miserable rapscallions too. I should'nt wonder much if I was a miserablion, a scallion among the rest (in a tone of surprise) had I? Here I've been threatening this two years a quarter and a half—there, the clock strikes—one, two—nine to the dead of night, to a dead certainty—who'd have thought it? What have I been about? But I knew 'twould be so (with a very serious air)—courting and late hours are just as much cause and effect, as the honey moon and early hours—there' another dead certainty—no not a *dead* certainty, because it's a certainty that exists, and how can a thing be dead when it exists? Now I shan't get to sleep till day light—then to morrow I'll be mopish and surly (in an agitated tone) and they'll begin to plague me.

But what is courting? Why, courting is a miserable rapscallion—there's no mistake—[with great earnestness] and the sooner a body gets out of the scrape the better. But how can you get out? Ay, there's the rub, as Shakspeare says—there is but one road, and that's a narrow one—you must either back out, or drive right head. The main question hinges upon this, as lord—lord somebody used to say, but it's bad grammar though—[striking the fore-finger of the right hand into the palm of the left and keeping time with the modulations of his voice]—which is the frying pan, and which is the fire? which is the miserablest rapscallion, single blessedness or double blessedness? which is the best batch, a batch of children, or a bach-elor?—Fourthly, or in short, or finally, do I believe in matrimony?—[with great animation] matter-o'-money—that's good—[in a low voice] but then I can't have this matter-o'-money, without something else with it—that's bad, and then if matrimony should be the fire, I can't back into the frying pan—that's bad again—now there are two bads to one good. And more than that—more than what? [stopping short] what was I going to say? the deuce, I've forgot it. I can't say what I was going to say—I always am frustrated at this time of night—my ideas are all tangled up like an old fashioned skein of shoe-thread. I'll give it up, I won't try to argue the matter—I know I'm a tough fellow to argue with at any time, but in this predicament there's no use in trying.

But here [as if recollecting himself] I've been threatening this half hour to tell what I've been threatening to do these two years and a half—I will say it [stamping his foot]—I will say what I was going to say, so there's no use in talking about it.—But my ideas act strangely to night—they can't act worse [with great rapidity]—they act as though they had been courting themselves. They are just like a flock of sheep—one jumps over the wall, and then the rest jump after it. But I'm just so all over—well, [in a grave tone] its nothing new—Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday nights the same old tune—[vehemently, giving the fence a blow with his fist] I'm all out of kilter. My lips have been cutting strange capers to night—every thing about me have been cutting strange capers—I won't be answerable for any of them—I'll advertise the whole boodle—I'll advertise that all my *ca-pa-bilities* have left my bed and board, and *ca-per-bilities* have taken their place, and I'll pay no debts of their contracting.

I can't talk at all—I aint drunk—I could walk a crack, and what the deuce is the reason I can't talk a little straighter? I can't make my tongue say what I want it to—it wriggles and squirms every way but the rigth one. I say I've been threatening this two years and a half to do so and so—so and so—there, there's another flash in the pan—I want—what is want? why, want is a miserable rapscallion, and the less a body has of it the better. But (giving the fence such a tremendnous kick as to break a two inch slat (I *will* get it off, if I have to take hold of my tongue and wriggle it myself—I want to tell what this so and so is. Well, I say, I've been threatening these two and a half years to—to what—no, not to what, because I don't know how to what, but to pop the question—there, it slipped out, before I was ready for it, after all. But what is popping the question? Why it's a miserable rapscallion, and the sooner I get through with it the better.—*Essex Tribune.*

A Mistake.—A gentleman in Philadelphia was lately knocked down in the streets, and beaten in a shocking manner, by a gang of desperadoes—who after they had drubbed him to his heart's content, discovered that *he was not the man they wanted!*—This reminds us of a case which occurred a few years since in Havana. An American gentleman was walking through a public street early in the evening, when a Spaniard came behind him, reached his hand over his shoulder, and plunged his knife into his bosom! As the poor victim lay on the ground writhing in agony, the assassin caught a glimpse of his countenance by

From Capt. Owen's voyages on the coast of Africa.

The Natives.—When Captain Owen was up the Mapoota in August, 1823, he was attracted by the intelligent appearance of a boy, who in a half-famished state requested to be taken on board. His father, who was a man in very advanced years, on the receipt of a small present agreed to give him up, and although he was fully impressed with the idea that he was selling him for a slave, yet he parted from his child with the utmost indifference; but, with that native cunning, peculiar to savages, after he had walked a short distance, he turned back, and exclaimed, "No sell 'um, Cappen; lend um!" evidently with the view of glossing over his unnatural conduct to others, although he could not do so to himself. Captain Owen repeated his assurances that his son came of his own accord, and would not be considered or received as a slave, but the old man evidently did not believe his ascertion.

On our return, the boy, who was christened Toby, was permitted to go on shore. The meeting between him and his father was neither interesting nor affectionate. The father evidently appeared surprised to see his son, at once proving his unnatural roguery in parting with him; but his mother uttered the most piercing cries, accompanied by the usual "Eigh, eigh!" expressive of her astonishment and pleasure: she then commenced dancing and screeching around him for some time, and concluded by caressing and stroking him down the face in the most affectionate manner, while she spoke to him in a whining, half-singing tone, apparently inquiring into his adventures since their separation.

Other of these youths, who had served on board for some time, the son of Jack Inyack, went ashore with Captains Owen and Vidal at the Rock near Cape Inyack. As they approached, Jack was observed walking on the beach with three other natives, dressed in their usual preposterous costume of nakedness made more visible. Matwally (the name of the boy) was sitting in the bow of the boat, in a white shirt, jacket, and trowsers, with shoes, and a straw hat. The boat could not get very near the shore, but Jack contrived to distinguish his son at a distance of nearly two hundred yards, in spite of the metamorphosis in his costume: he immediately left his companions, and, wading through the shallow water alongside, took the boy in his arms, and without noticing any one else carried him to the land. He then set him down in the midst of his friends, ran round him and examined his clothes, took off his hat, patted his head with the palm of his hand, then replaced his hat, and again commenced his rotary motion, like a dog trying to catch his tail, until, fairly exhausted with his exertions, he stood staring at his child with wonder and astonishment.

As soon as the captains landed, Jack ran to them, saying "How you do? how you do? Eigh, eigh! then back again to his boy, and the next moment to them, actually foaming at the mouth with his efforts to express the delight of a parent at having recovered a child that he never again expected to see. After this interview the two captains were led to the chief's village, situated behind the north-west point of the island, near a red sand-cliff.—They reached this by ascending a water-course, on the summit of which were situated two villages, containing about fifty persons, and composed of neat circular huts arranged in a ring, so as to enclose an open space of ground or area. In the midst of this they met one of the wives of Machakany, by whom these villages had been recently erected. This lady was, during the absence of her lord, acting as his substitute. Jack Inyack informed her that it was "Captain *Nohen*" by which name the natives around always knew him. "Captain *Nohen*," having called for a mat, and seated himself under a tree, was soon surrounded by the inhabitants of the village, who were apparently a much finer race than those of English River. The young women made love to "Captain *Nohen*," in order to share his cigar, which he commenced smoking, and one who seemed to have gained his favor above her compeers, obtained the residue of two when he had smoked them tolerably close.

An Antispasmodic.—Whilst here, one of our marines happened to cut his foot with a glass bottle, and shortly afterwards had a locked jaw. Every thing that skill could dictate was done to relieve him, but without success; when as a last resource, a remedy strongly recommended by the natives on the east coast of Africa, was tried: this consisted of a kind of paste made from the cockroach, to be administered in small quantities by pouring it, mixed with water, down the throat. The effect was apparently beneficial; the jaw was immediately unlocked; a copious perspiration ensued, when the doctor, conceiving that a cure was effected, did not prepare another dose, and before this could be done, the spasms returned, and the man in a short time expired. Doubtless the failure of this remedy arose from the doctor's ignorance respecting the proper mode of administering the medicine, as the first effects gave every indication of its being the most powerful antispasmodic known.

African Magic.—"At noon, Captain Vidal took leave of the king, in order to make his observations, and I," continues Lieutenant Boteler, "was preparing shortly afterwards to follow him, when Fasol, perceiving my intention, in a good-humored manner held me by the arm, exclaiming—'No go yet, top a little; by-by go look um fetiche dance, me mak you too much laugh.' It appeared that he had heard me, on listening to the distant tattoo of a native drum, express a determination to a young midshipman who was of the party to go and discover the cause for which it was being played. Before he had concluded his sentence, the noise of the drum, almost buried in the singing, whooping, and clamor of a multitude of the nauves, was heard approaching. When close to us the procession stopped, and the dancers, all of whom were men, formed themselves into two parallel lines from the front of an adjoining house, and commenced their exhibition. They were dressed in a peculiar manner, having suspended from their hips a complete kilt formed of the threads of grass-cloth, and an appendage of the same kind to one or both arms, just above the elbow. Some had their faces, and others their breasts, marked with white circles or lines, made on them by the fetiche men as a protection against disease. The dancing, although not elegant, was devoid of that disgusting contortion of the body so common to the east coast. It consisted principally in advancing and withdrawing the feet and arms, accompanied by a corresponding inclination of the body, and at stated times a simultaneous clapping of hands, and a loud, sharp ejaculation of 'heegh!'

"Two men, who, during the exhibition, did not join in the dance, were constantly wandering amongst the performers—these were the master-fetiche and his attendant: the former had on a French glazed hat, which is held in great veneration by the natives; and the other chewing some red root, part of which was hanging from his mouth, carried a small ornamented stick, surmounted at the end with a bunch of long and handsome feathers. One of these men would occasionally stop opposite to some particular dancer, and entice him by gestures to leave the line and accompany him in his evolutions, which always ended where they began, when the pressed man returned to his former place. For some time I had observed the master-fetiche dancing opposite to the house, and apparently addressing it in a half threatening, half beseeching tone. King Passol, who was standing close by me, suddenly exclaimed,—'Now you laugh too much; fetiche come;' and, sure enough, forthwith rushed from the house amongst the performers a most extraordinary figure. This was a man mounted upon stilts, at least six feet above the ground, on which he moved with as much facility as if upon the most active pair of legs. His face was hid by a large white mask, with a red ball on each cheek and on his chin; his eye-brows and the under part of his nose being painted the same color. Over his forehead was a yellow vizor, with a string of small brass bells tied across, ornamented with alligators' teeth, and a confused display of feathers, blades of glass, and elephants' hairs. From the top of his head the skin of a monkey hung down his back, having fixed to its tail a wire with a large sheep bell attached to the end, which kept constantly ringing. His body, legs, and arms were completely enveloped in a number of folds of the native grass cloth, through which he grasped in either hand a quantity of alligators' teeth, lizards' skins, fowl's bones, feathers, and hairs, altogether reminding one of the well known attributes of Obi, the dread of the slave owners of Jamaica.

"This uncouth figure was for a long time performing various antics to frighten and amuse the crowd, being closely followed by the master-fetiche and his attendant, the former with his hat in hand paying the intruder the most obsequious attention I at first imagined that this exhibition was got up for our amusement, but was soon undeceived; for when, under this impression, I inquired of a bystander what man it was that performed the character, he answered, with a look of astonishment at my ignorance—'E no man—no man de same as him, he be Dible! Still being a little sceptical as to their believing this themselves, I asked in an unconcerned manner, 'In what house does he live?' 'What! what!—fetiche, I tell you be Dible! e no catch house, e lib in dat wood,' pointing to a gloomy looking grove skirting the back of the village: and it was in vain that I attempted to unravel the origin or meaning of their superstitious dread of this absurd figure: so, bidding adieu to King Passol, I rejoined Captain Vidal, when we returned on board."

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, Sept'r 28, 1833.

NEW YORK RACES.

CENTREVILLE COURSE—SECOND DAY.

Three horses were entered for the purse this day—Collector, Cato, and Edwin Forrest—Forrest took the lead, and kept it, for the first mile and a half, when he was passed by Cato; Collector was not far behind, an I all going at a slapping pace. In the last quarter, Forrest, being hard pushed and straining every nerve to regain his advantage, broke from his trot, and Cato won the heat.

Time—5 minutes, 42 seconds.

Second heat—This heat was beautifully contested between Cato and Forrest, who passed each other more than once, and by the closeness of their going, kept the interest of the spectators at the highest point; there was not a pin to choose between them, until within about fifty rods of the stake, when Cato broke in turn, and Forrest shot ahead in gallant style, winning the heat by several lengths—Collector did not save his distance.

Time—5 minutes 38 seconds.

In this heat, at the first turn in the second mile, Cato bore in upon Forrest, and was therefore adjudged distanced, according to the established rules of the Turf. Of course he was not allowed to enter for the third, and Forrest, having no competitor, walked over the course and took the purse of $200. No blame was held by the judges or spectators to attach to the rider of Cato.

The course was extremely well attended, and betting was active though not high. The ground was in fine condition, and all the arrangements of the proprietor seemed to give general satisfaction.

On Monday the great match between Rolla and Screwdriver, is to be trotted; five miles in harness, for $1000 a side—To start at one precisely—Great anticipations are formed upon this match, from the celebrity of the horses, and the confidence of their respective backers is very great. Screwdriver is perhaps the favourite, but the knowing ones appear to think it possible that Rolla may come off the winner.

We are authorized to state that Mr. Conklin the proprietor of the Course, will give a purse, to be paced or trotted for on Monday, after the match between Rolla and Screwdriver.

THIRD DAY.

We did not receive the return in time for a full report. The contest was between Screwdriver and Rolla. Both made capital trotting, but Screwdriver took the purse.

We beg leave to direct the attention of our sporting friends and readers, to the notice of the Tallahassee Races, in one of our advertising columns. The races are to commence on the 17th of December; the first day a sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; entrance $1000.—Five subscribers are already named; the purse will be very handsome. There is a fine spirit among our southern brethren in every thing that belongs to the Turf, and we are glad to see that the Floridians are among the foremost.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

Since our last, tidings have reached us that somewhat diminish the brightness of Don Pedro's prospects in Portugal. There must be something uncommon in the affairs of that troublesome little kingdom, or else the European distributors of news, whom we take to be the London editors, are very much out in their views of the matter—They have tried very hard for the last three or four years to establish the fact of Don Miguel's being the most atrocious piece of humanity that ever flourished a sceptre, and that the people whose persons and property he treated with so little ceremony, hated him to a man, and would be glad to exchange him for any thing short of a Bengal tiger—now this may be very true; but the puzzle is, why do they fight for him? give him their money? or to put the matter upon the very best footing for the believers in Don Pedro, why do they not rally around the Constitutional standard? We hear every now and then, of most terrible doings,—that are to be; when Oporto was taken, we were assured that all the inhabitants were to become soldiers and join the ranks of the "Liberators;" the population of Oporto is over 70,000; of these Don Pedro might surely have calculated on eight or ten thousand, if the enthusiasm was so tremendous in his favor; and indeed we were given to understand that his forces would be marvellously increased by his possession of the city—Yet there does not seem to have been any increase except from other countries; France and England and Poland have sent recruits to his army, but Oporto has done nothing that we could learn—Then again as to Lisbon; the capital with its population of 250,000 was to do wonders in his behalf; but we hear nothing of the kind; on the contrary, the accounts tell us of marches upon Lisbon by the troops of the usurper—not *from* it—and of great efforts by the Constitutionalists to strengthen the fortifications and prepare for a vigorous defence—Now we should suppose that with a population of 250,000, all eager in his cause, delighted at his arrival among them, and brimful of hatred towards his fraternal enemy, there would be no need of all this fortification; with such a city and such a spirit behind him, Don Pedro might reasonably advance instead of shutting himself up within it: but all the courage and confidence seem to be on the other side—at least so far as the leaders are concerned—We perceive that most of our cotemporaries look upon the affair as nearly concluded; it may be so, but we take leave to maintain our doubts—quietly, and without any disturbance, however—until we see something more tangible. England and France might settle the business in very short order; and perhaps they will take it in hand; but unless they do, we have no expectation of seeing the Lady Maria upon the throne of her ancestors in any very remarkably brief period.

In the meantime troubles seem to be springing up in a quarter from which they were very little expected. It is long since Switzerland has put herself forward in the attitude of a disturber of national or kingly serenity. It seems however, that Switzerland possesses an aristocratic few, and a liberty-loving many, like all the nations of Europe at this moment: and the feelings by which the few and the many are governed, have recently come into something more than a conflict of words or opinions. It is not likely that the disturbance will endure for any length of time; the power as well as the right is happily with the many, and there is little probability that any of the great powers will find it convenient to interfere in behalf of the few. Austria *would*, with great pleasure, if the matter could be ended with a single blow; but she knows very well that although she might put down the many for the moment, that is, so long as her thousands of troops were among them, the instant *they* were withdrawn, all her work would be to do over again; and warring against opinion has been found an expensive proceeding of late. The wonder is that with so much popular discontent working beneath the surface of all Europe, the explosion that must come at some time or other, should be so long delayed.

AN EDITORIAL CONVENTION.

We confess that we have for some time past, rather hastily considered the project of a convention of Editors for the establishment of a system of rules for the general government of the whole body throughout the United States, as a scheme equally impracticable and useless. We have read however in a late number of the Albany Daily Advertiser, an article upon this subject which has very essentially changed our opinion—at least so far as regards the utility of the proposed measure, provided it could be carried into effect. We subscribe to the justice of the following remarks by the Advertiser.

The Editorial profession *ought* to rank as a very high one. The requisites for success in it, are of an important character, and when fully possessed, must constitute an accurate, a ready and an accomplished writer—who forming a set of opinions for himself, promulgates them to a portion of society who eagerly adopt them as their own. It is not of course pretended that a very large majority of the Editors of the United States are not more or less deficient in the attainments enumerated above—but as a mass, Editors are both intelligent and influential. There may be, it is true, and doubtless there are, many of doubtful morals, coarse and vulgar minds, and more than "suspected" principles—but the whole profession should not be condemned for a few black sheep. There are hypocrites among the clergy, knaves among attorneys, and quacks among the professors of the healing art. It is the fashion in the interior to undervalue the Editorial profession, but let us look at our great cities—Take the Editors of the Daily Press—friends and foes—in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond and Cincinnati, and where, except among the very highest of any other profession, could be found a greater average and aggregate of talents and general knowledge? attainments, readiness, and *tact*, which are available at the shortest notice—which are the current coin, if not the real estate of intellectual wealth?

Valuable as are the labors of the conductors of the public press, as a class of society,—and constant as is the demand for what they *produce*, there is no occupation which, as a general rule, is so poorly paid. A proprietor of a newspaper has for instance 1000 subscribers—(either of whom would probably be much annoyed if he did not get his paper *regularly*)—these are his "customers," and every morning he sells a thousand papers—say at five cents a peice: so far he may consider himself doing a good business. But when he reflects that six months *at least*, must elapse before he can get a cent of that five thousand—that probably a much longer time must elapse before he can collect any great proportion of it, and that some of it he is *sure* not to get at all; and that this same process is applicable *de die in diem*, and that at Saturday night he has *credited* on his book thirty thousand cents, but that his "hands" stand by, who must have *cash*, he will begin to imagine that the printing of a newspaper with a good subscription list is not so very lucrative. In fact, the basis upon which this business is carried on *differs from all others*. No merchant, or artificer, or professional man, could get on in the same way without heavy capital. All a newspaper proprietor sells—to wit, the intellectual labor, and the material of his paper, he sells on long credit; and all he buys, to wit, the labor of his pressmen, compositors, carriers, collectors, clerks, &c. and the raw material—the paper—he must pay for in ready cash or short credit."

The method proposed for the remedy of the evil, is to make it a *universal rule* throughout the United States to send no paper to a subscriber, without payment *in advance*. This would be just. There is no better reason why a newspaper should not be paid for when it is ordered, than a beef-steak in the market, or a pound of sugar at a grocery. Under the present system, there is no parity of convenience or of risk between the publisher and the subscriber; the amount to each individual is but a trifle, and even should he desire to discontinue before the end of his term, his wish can be accomplished at the sacrifice of a very few dollars; whereas the publisher labors at all times under the inconvenience of outstanding monies to the amount of hundreds, if not thousands, with the certainty of finally losing a portion, equal to a very serious percentage upon his profits. It may be objected that the subscriber ought to have some security against loss by the discontinuance of his term; and the numbers of papers that have broken down, will be cited as evidence of this necessity.

The answer to this objection is obvious; the required security is to be found in the character of the paper, and of its conductors. Very few papers survive their first year unless their receipts are at least equal to their expenditures; and the risk of a sudden cessation is very small, except in the case of newspapers started, as too many are, without capital, and dependent entirely upon their success for their continuance. The measure proposed would have the effect, too, of restraining these rash experiments: readers would hesitate in subscribing without the virtual guarantee afforded by publications already established; and the business of publishing would less readily be assumed by mere speculators, without adequate means either mental or pecuniary, for its prosecution.

Another measure proposed, is the adoption of a compact for the suppression of habitual plagiarism, vulgarity, and personal abuse, among the profession, by a general agreement to strike off the offending paper from the exchange list of all the others; thus cutting off his supplies, and in the words of the Advertiser, "starving him into good behavior."—This, if it could be accomplished, would be a most salutary reform. There are too many in the profession who seem to imagine that language may be applied in a paper to individuals, which if spoken would call for the application of a horsewhip; and that the legitimate use of a journal is to disseminate the vulgar outpourings of personal malice, instead of useful intelligence, and well digested opinions. If such a measure could be adopted and carried into effect by a convention, the benefits resulting from it would alone amply compensate the profession for the time and expense of the meeting. The other questions suggested by the Advertiser, for the consideration of the convention, are the propriety and utility of anonymous discussion; the comparative evils and advantages of giving publicity to crimes, suicides, criminal trials, the confessions of murderers, and police reports; and the possibility of an occasional suspension of political contests, and the examination instead, of topics of more permanent and general interest, such as the operation of poor laws, systems of education, and the best modes of conducing to the diffusion of knowledge; as suggested by the New York American.

Important Discovery.—The London Correspondent of the Journal of Commerce mentions, on authority of a Salisbury (Eng.) paper, a most important discovery, which, if it realizes the anticipations of the inventor, must remove the only obstacle to the triumph of steam navigation. This is a new mode of producing heat, by which both wood and coal are to be superseded. The principal ingredient is water. The only material required besides, is something in a liquid form, which contains a large quantity of carbon; whale oil, tar, or almost any thing of a similar kind, will answer the purpose.—As these materials are put into the furnace simultaneously, and in combination with each other, the one yields its carbon, while the other gives out its hydrogen, and a small portion of atmospheric air is the only thing then required to keep them in a state of perfect combustion. The whiteness and intensity of the flame can hardly be imagined by any one who has not seen it, and yet it is so completely under management, that in one second it can be reduced or augmented as occasion may require. The account states that from the absence of all smoke, chimnies can be got rid of, and that a vessel may, without inconvenience, carry enough fuel to enable her to circumnavigate the globe. The editor of the English paper also states that at the Gas Works at Lymington it had been its successful operation three months.

Doubted.

INCONVENIENCES.

What a misfortune it is that evils cannot be remedied by complaining! If they could what a correct and proper community this would be! There would be no dust in summer, wind in the spring, moschetoes in autumn, or slippery pavements in winter. The print shops would show no indecent pictures; omnibusses and milk-carts would never break bones, and nobody would eat pea-nuts or wear hats in the theatres. Little boys would never throw stones in the streets; young gentlemen would not stare at the ladies, at least not so rudely as to give them unpleasant sensations; and gentlemen of more advanced years would be careful not to poke out the eyes of street walkers with their umbrellas. Street inspectors and watchmen would do their duty; editors would never make use of discourteous language; the newspapers would strive to encourage good feeling and gentlemanly deportment; segars would never be smoked in the highways, in stages, or steamboats; and the rain would never come down upon Gala nights at Niblo's or Castle Garden. Perhaps the City Hall clock would be lighted; and the street lamps on dark nights.—Boys would not raise "false alarms" three or four times a day, on purpose to drag out the engines and make an unrighteous noise about nothing; pigs would be much scarcer in Broadway; hackdrivers would never stop just at the crossing places in muddy weather; cows would not go upon rail-roads and occasion unpleasant accidents; beggars would not beset respectable people whenever they walked abroad; and cats would not practise their diabolical music at midnight. The owners of carriages would not suffer their coachmen to drive up before the church doors on Sundays, an hour before they were wanted; servants would never throw dirty water upon the *side* walks, or leave their vault-grates unfastened; ladies would not be afraid to stir out at night without a protector; lottery tickets would always be prizes; and nobody would go out of a room in cold weather without shutting the door. Coals would never be guilty of such an enormity as advancing in price, and boots would not wear out in less than a fortnight. Money would always be plenty; every body would subscribe for three newspapers, two daily and one weekly, and not a soul of them all would neglect to pay his subscription. In short the Golden Age would return; every thing would go right; and the world be as dull as a treatise on algebra to a young lady of fashion, or a fourth of July oration to every body except the speaker.

The Evening Star shone out with very commendable brilliancy on Wednesday, and at one leap, took its station far above the horizon. In his salutatory the Major gives into a brief comparison of the relative merits of Morning and Evening papers—of course to the glorification and laud of the latter. "Nothing," he says, "can be more agreeable, after the labors of the day are over, than a well filled, well printed, and, we were about to say, well edited *Evening* Paper which lays (*lies* it should be,) so invitingly along side your cup of tea. The alternate sipping of the beverage and a paragraph—draughts of the balmy liquid and an inspiring item of news—the crisp toast dipped in the ample saucer (not genteel by the way,) and a thrilling tale of interest—a fashionable rencontre—a *jeu d'esprit*—a glance at the fashions—a dramatic hit, or a line or two of flowing poetry, give zest, character, and true enjoyment to the intellectual and corporeal treat before us."

This is all very well; but what is an Evening to a Saturday paper? On the arrival of Friday night, the cares and toils of the week are pretty much over; all the schemes of enjoyment that flit like shadowy visions through the mind of the busy citizen, are put over to Saturday for their fulfillment; then he is to take his ease in his inn; all his notes paid—or protested; all his orders made up; his books balanced, his letters all written, and nothing stands in the way of his weekly morsel of comfort. Let it rain all the rest of the week, so that the sun do but shine brightly on Saturday; on Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday he girds up his loins and hardens his heart to encounter whatever unpleasant things may fall to his lot, and fixes his eyes on Saturday for his reward—and it comes, too, in the shape of leisure and ease, and nothing to do but enjoy himself with his paper; on all other days he is content to read politics, ship news, and advertisements; but he makes account for a good winding up at the end of the week with story and jest, and all mirthful provocatives such as abound in the well filled sheet that appears only fifty-two times in the year.

Elopement in High Life.—The Boston Post says that in a letter from a merchant at Pera, (a suburb of Constantinople) it is stated that the Grand Seignor's favorite Sultana, the Empress Emildas, has eloped from the Seraglio with a young Russian officer of the Chasseurs of Novogorod.

This is "important if true." But we should like to know something about the authority.

The Niagara Gaol was lately broken by eight inmates, one of whom, John Fitzgerald, was charged with the crime of murder, and has been awaiting orders from the Home Government to convey him to Ireland, where it was alledged to have been committed several years ago—the others were charged with offences of less magnitude—principally larcenies. The escape was effected while the gaoler was cleaning out the cells of the debtors who were locked up in one room, while the criminals were walking about in the hall alloted to them, separated from the debtors, by wooden gratings. The criminals amused themselves by dancing and singing while Fitzgerald sawed off his irons with a razor which he had converted into a saw, and subsequently forced the patent padlocks of the door with a sharp spike. The division between the debtor and criminal side of the Hall, was of strong oak grating and the entrance secured by a heavy door well ironed and fastened by two padlocks, which could not be forced by persons in the inside, and was not attempted, but one of the large pieces of wooden grating had been sawed nearly through and so completely as to avoid detection for the Gaoler every evening was in the habit of examining each one.—When all were prepared, this opening was made, and a number found their way in the debtor's side of the hall where the Gaoler was, and after some struggling succeeded in closing the door of the debtor's cell while he was at work with a young woman, and thus prevented his making such opposition as might have occurred to some of them; but being a prisoner he could effect nothing. The next door being open they gained the outer entrance and made good their escape, in their route knocking down the Gaoler's wife, an old woman, who made but a feeble resistance, and whose head being cut by one whom she seized and attempted to prevent escaping she was left lying incapable of relieving her husband from his situation, who having no assistant except a woman who stood inactive, and inattentive to his orders to put the padlock on the outer door, their retreat to the Gaol Yard was made good, where some scaled the high board fence in the rear while others who from weakness were unable to accomplish it deliberately returned and went out of the front gate. Some other criminals might have made their escape, but they appeared not to be in the secret, and became astonished and bewildered. There were no soldiers in the Gaol, and from the circumstance of the gaol being at a great distance from town, assistance is not easily obtained.

Fitzgerald was subsequently taken in the streets of Niagara. During the day of the escape he was concealed in a house not far from the prison, and made his appearance in great distress at St. Catherines where he received shelter. He returned again to Niagara to his own house, drank a large quantity of brandy, and walked deliberately through the streets with a segar, until he was seized by two Constables and secured after a mile's chase and severe contest. Two others of the criminals have been taken.—*Montreal Gaz.*

Why is life like a log book? Because it is made up of minutes.

LIFE IN DUBLIN.

The scene of the following dialogue is laid in Pill Lane, the chief fish market of the city of Dublin. The incidents are not a whit overdrawn, as will be acknowledged by all who like Dean Swift have been fond of listening to the conversation of the fair dealers in soles and plaices. The reader will suppose that Catty Doolagan and Nelly Davy have just met in the middle of the street, where we leave them to explain what they were doing there in the best manner they can.

SCENE—PILL LANE.

Enter Catty Doolagan from another street, Nelly Davy stopping her.

Nelly.—"The light of the world's glory be about you this mornin, Caty my darlint, bud is it living at all you are, afther the misfortin that happened you?"

Caty.—*(Throwing upher hands and looking very pathetic).*—"No indeed! its only tryin to crawl I am, for I'm as short of wind as a bellows with a broken clapper—bud which of my misfortunes do you mean *a courneen* for they come as thick on me lately as herrins in Lent?"

Nelly.—I mean the black eye to be shure that Norah Costello (you know Norah Costello, Biddy Mc Brides gossip) was tellin me all about over our "mornin," at Jimmy Sweeney's,—by the way, Jimmy keeps the biggist crapper in town."

Catty.—"Ay bud he wathers it Nelly every dhrop half and half, sweet and pure from the Liffy—bud about the black eye—is it the one Tim gave me in regard of raisin the cup of tay on the strength of his small clothes at my uncle's, *[the pawnbroker]* or the one I got from that faggot of blazes, Sheila Brady, for nothin at all?"

Nelly.—"Both alana. I'd like to hear the particulars of both, if it was only for company's sake, for I'm in sorrow and tribulation myself this mornin, on account of the fall in haddocks, and three dozen on hands; and you know when you're in throuble, its the greatest consolation in the world to come across some compassionate body or other, that 'ill help you to cry."

Catty.—*[with a significant leer at a neighboring dram shop]*—"Thrue for you Nelly *asthora*, more especially if she has an odd three happince to spare *[the price of the two croppers]* for dry sorrow's but cowld comfort at the best of times. But as I was sayin, me and Mary Murphy, and Peggy Brady, and Judy Magrath, [all your own gossips you know] were havin a *cosher* together in the room condolin with each other on the badness of the times. The twopince a piece we put in soon ran out Nelly, for you know half an ounce of tay, and a noggin of the short measure dont last always among four, more especially if they're the last, and not a blade of corn in Egypt to raise another; och, Nelly, Nelly, those buxters and those grocers have all got hearts of stone; they'd skin a flint for the lure of the tail of a herrin—in vain I pray'd, and I promised; the divil a one of thim 'id thrust me to the value of a *rusty chamac.* [a bad halfpenny]—Well my love, I turn'd back, and we began to comfort ourselves, prayin for all sorts of bad luck on the unchristianable dailers in whisky and tay, when says I at the heel of the hunt, the blessed Saint Kavan says I, come and assist us in the midst of our tribulation. Nelly *alana*, people may say as they will, but the prayers that come from the heart are always sure to be heard; would you believe it, the word was hardly out of my mouth when in rowls Tim about the flure blind drunk. I would'nt have taken so much notice of this asthore, because I'm pretty well used to it, but in two minutes afther he performed a miracle. Yes Nelly, he stript before he went to bed,—off come the "Powerfuls"—the leather small clothes,—a thing that never happened him before, and he in the same state for the last seven years and a day, and that would'nt have happened now, only that something above us had a hand in it. Holy Saint Kavan be praised, says I, bud its you that is good to us this night; and as long as my name is Catty Doolagan, I'll never pass you at a pinch again."

Nelly.—*[with a long deep, drawn sigh, and a very pious shaking of the head and lifting of the hands]*—"Och Catty dear, who afther that will ever be hardy enough to disregard the prayers of the poor,—but go on."

Catty.—"Well alana I *popt* the buckskins for half a crown, and if we did'nt drink rings round us that night to the glory of Saint Kavin, and the confusion of the Brunswickers, I'll give you leave to spit in my face and call me spotty."

Nelly.—"Well but darlint what did Tim say about the small clothes?"

Catty.—"O! there's where I was ruined alana. You know he's always in the habit of sleepin for twenty-four hours afther he gets a dhrop in the head, so I thought I might get out in the mornin and sell a few flats *(fish)* to raise the duds before he was starrin—but not so—the divil had a paw in it this time, for Tim was up before myself, and roarin like a bull for his breeches. "Catty," sez he, "where's the buckskins." "How should I know, says I, thrumblin all over like a dog that no body owns of a frosty mornin, bud its likely you come home without them. Is it with nothin to cover me barrin my nakedness," you lyin throllop" says he! Yes Nelly if I was dyin those were his very words—he called my mother's daughter that was a thrue Mc Gowran, a lyin throllop.

Nelly.—He's just the *mavrd* of my Pat, Catty; when any thing crosses him, he'd run away with the character of a saint,—he even towld me I was dhrunk yesterday mornin, and heavens be my bed if ever I saw a dhrop of any thing stronger than wather, barrin the taste that Biddy Murphy gave me at Essex Bridge, and a new born babe, or even the mother of the blessed nuns herself, might have taken twice as much with a clear conscience."

Catty.—I well believe you Nelly asthore; but about Tim; I was just preparin to delight my character, when I saw him lookin mighty hard at something on the chimley. "What can it be," says I to myself,—" something bad any way;" for my conscience at that moment began to give me a nudge,—the thought hardly struck, when all was out. "Hanamanjowl," sez he in a voice like thunder, "my best and only breeches pledged for half a crown, and not a tester in Christendom to redeem them. Yes, Nelly darlint, if I was to be as cuild as Methusaleh, I'll never forgive myself for the stupidity of that action. I had left the duplicate on the chimley stickin in the handle of the tay pot."

Of course I knew what was to follow, and afther all, the time you and me, Nelly, it's a very comfortable thing to be now and thin in the time of a little misforthin; it makes it come so natural to a body; for my part I can bear it with the patience and resignation of Job, and signs by it when Tim seized the pot stick, I run for the three legged stool, and to it we went."

Nelly.—"Troth, Catty, I thought so; you wouldn't have been your father's daughter if you hadn't the blood of the Brallagans all over."

Catty.—"Well, as usual, Tim got the upper hand, and I lay kilt and murthered on the flure, and howlin away like a Banshee. At last I got sick with the cryin and fainted. O yes, Nelly, *agrah*, I can faint as nathural as any woman you ever saw in your life, and besides its the only way I can ever get over Tim."

Nelly.—"Well, alana, what did the Mahomadan do thin?"

Catty.—"Not a word again him, Catty, for the world, for though he now and thin, gives me a black eye or a broken head, yet in the main he's as tinder hearted as a pet lamb." Yes, Nelly, aroon, it's in earnest I am, for no sooner I fainted than he began to rub my temples with a bottle of lady wather I keep in the cupboard, and there was I all the time laughing in my sleeve at him through the corner of my left eye; by good luck, my jewel, the eye was black and had a lump on it, so he couldn't see what I was doin. At last I recovered—*you know*—and then we didn't know what the divil to do for a sup to make up with. So I began to look—and he began to look, and at last, would you believe it, I thought I caught him leerin very suspiciously on my dilgant cloak in the corner, that was hanging on a peg in the wall—och, bad luck to the word, but the truth I'm tellin you, Nelly, my love; you know it yourself, my new cloak with the beautiful red patch on the shoulder, that I bought two years ago, come next Easther, from Nancy Duffy, and then you may remember it was only about three months out of the mint. Well my heart cottoned to him afther all, on account of rubbin my temples, so off I set to the pawn-broker's. "Here masther Pat," sez I, handin it to the shop boy, "its a pleasure to you to be gettin such a dacent article as that so early in the mornin, and all I want is three thirteens." "Is it on this rag?" says he—O! them were his very words, as I'm a livin woman, Nelly, them were his very words, and he held up the beautiful cloak that cost me my six silver hogs only two years ago, come next Easther, betune his fingers as if it was so much dirt. "I'll give you two bob," says he. I wouldn't mind it thinks I to myself, if 'twas to choke you, but I said nothing, though at the same time it wasn't my will that kept me from luxin the mark of this buck of my hand right betune his two eyes. "Needs must when the divil dhrives," you know, is a good ould sayin that comforts a body in their distress, so at last, says I to him, when I could get no good of him, "Pat," says I, "tip us the king's pethares, and all the harm I wish you is, that you may get the same consolation yourself the first time you go with your own duds to market, which may be soon and speedy I pray God. On the word, he threw down the two shillings, and I felt something giving me a tap on the head behind, and do you know, it was no body else but the divil in the shape of Sheiah Brady, for in a moment afther, when I put down my hand to take up the money—Oh! bad luck attend the screed of it was there, no more nor it was in the priest's pocket, off course I was no way astray to know where it was gone, inasmuch as Sheiah had been three times at the thread-mill already. None of your gostherin, says I, but down with the dust. "What do you mean," says she, looking as innocent as a two year ould. "The two shillins, to be shure," says I, "that you just lifted from the counter." "You lyin rip," says she, "its dhrunk you are as usual, and you cant see till its far in the day." "The bars of Newgate be your mornin star for ever and afther," says I, "for your base insinuations' but that wont do me for my money." "Then," says she, "may be you spent it with Jack Connor—I could tell Tim a story about Jack Connor that 'ud make him open his eyes." "O holy Mary Mother of the saints in heaven," sez I, "only hear that attack upon my charactar, and I as pure as if I was cut out of one of the pillars of the royal exchange." "More than that," says she, "the worst dhrop of the Brallagans is in you, and God knows the best is bad enough." Flesh and blood could bear no more, Nelly, my jewel, so I seiz'd her by the hair of the head, and she caught me by the cap, and at it we fell ding dong, and, in troth, it was full three quarthers of an hour by Sweeney's clock before we could beat each other into any thing like good behavior. "Well, Sheiah, my darlint," says I at last, "give me a kiss," (for I began to see she was game though a Brady, the word and the blow wasn't the way to come over her), "give me a kiss, *a courneen*," sez I, "and if you've got that odd two shillins about you in mistake, out with it, and I'll stand the racket for half a pint." The soft talk was too much for her; she had my own failin after all, and so puttin her hand in the heel of her stockin says she "well, now that I begin to recollect, I believe I did pick up something very like two silver thirteens, and here they are; but indeed I thought they were my own, Catty, alana, for heaven knows Saint Bridget herself would not be farther from stalin any thing from you or yours this blessed Tuesday mornin than Sheiah Brady." With this we went home to the room together to wash the blood from our faces, and havin made ourselves dacent, Tim borrowed Jack Connor's trowsers, (Jack's head was aching, you see, in regard of being at a wake the night afore, so he had no use of them), and then we started off to Paddy Dake's to melt the two shillins in comfort—and so there's the full, thrue and particular account of my two black eyes.

CREDULITY IN INDIA.

An amusing anecdote, related by Bishop Heber, gives us a good idea of the foibles and ignorance of one of the petty princes of India, and the rascality of the minister who managed his affairs. The frailness of the king for mechanics (says the bishop,) led him to try some experiments, in which he left us with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word—"if he were wise, to leave Lucknow." The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera; ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. Some time after, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood. He was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw in to shore, and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands, to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board, returned in high anger to Lucknow, and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain such a man was dead. "Undoubtedly," was the reply; "I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children." "Haramzada," said the king, bursting into a fury, "look there, and never see my face more!" The vizier turned round, and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of "God be merciful!" "Satan is strong!" "In the name of God, keep the devil from me!" he said, "I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object." "Touch him," said the king, "the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality." "Istufirallah!" said the favorite; "and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?" The king still stormed; but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. "It is certain, refuge of the

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

Park Theatre.

Monday, Sept. 23d, *Artaxerxes* and *the Bold Dragoons*.

The illness of Mr. Wood still continued and the lovers of music were pained to hear that it had much increased in violence. He had been announced for Artabanes; but in consequence of his inability to appear, the part was assumed at very short notice by Mr. Reynoldson. Mr. Jones was the Arbaces, Mrs. Sharpe the Artaxerxes, and Mrs. Wood of course appeared as Mandane. The expectations of the audience were very great, and notwithstanding the anxiety and distress of Mrs. Wood on account of her husband's critical situation, the wonderful quality of her voice and her perfect science were again the sources of unbounde admiration. That her feelings were painfully excited was evident; but she struggled against them, and no trace of their effect could be perceived, until she commenced the bravura "The Soldier tired." At this point her resolution gave way; her voice failed, tears streamed from her eyes, and with a manner strongly marked by agitation and grief, she stepped forward and addressed the audience, to the following purport.

"I solicit your pardon for the necessity under which I labor of stopping thus abruptly; my feelings are so completely overcome by the distressing situation of Mr. Wood, that I feel it quite impossible to do justice to your expectations, which I am aware, are very great on the present occasion." It is an unusual occurrence for a lady to address an audience from the stage; but the audience knew how to appreciate the occurrence and its causes, and this simple appeal to their sympathy was responded to by peals of applause and cries of "drop the curtain—conclude the performance." Mrs. Wood with the strongest marks of thankfulness, acknowledged their kindness, and retired from the stage attended by Mr. Simpson, amidst the most gratifying testimonials of approbation and good will on the part of the audience.

Under these circumstances, criticism is of course out of the question. We cannot however conclude without noticing the splendid and thrilling effect of Mrs. Wood in that touchstone of vocalists, "Monster away." It seemed to act upon the feelings of the audience like the terrific burst of a tragedian.

Tuesday—*Cinderella* and the *Chimney Piece*. A very proper selection of pieces by the way, so far as the titles go.

The situation of Mr. Wood was less critical, and the effect of the change was apparent in the singing and acting of his accomplished lady. They were magnificent, and the delight of the audience was wrought up to the highest pitch. The brilliant "Tours de force," in the finale were encored, and repeated with even increased power; an effort of no common magnitude. Mr. Jones resumed his old part of the Prince, in which he has so often stood before the Park audience as an established favorite. Much as we admire Mr. Wood, we cannot be blind to the excellence of Mr. Jones as a vocalist; if his acting were equally spirited and correct, and his appearance as striking, we should hesitate long in avowing a preference for the new Felix. Mr. Jones was in capital voice and seemed to be quite inspired by the glorious voice of his Cinderella. There was nothing remarkable to notice in the other characters, except that Mrs. Sharpe appeared to be languid and indisposed. If Mr. Hayden could throw a little more of the manner and style of Richings into his Alidoro, his estate and that of the audience would assuredly be more gracious.

Wednesday—Mr. Hackett's benefit—*Comedy of Errors,—Kentuckian,—and Family Jars*. A full house, and a good performance. Mr. Barnes was heartily welcomed, and every body seemed pleased to meet him once more at his old quarters.

Thursday—*Love in a Village*, and *The Clutterbucks*

Somebody has said that the New York audiences have at last been astonished; meaning by Mrs. Wood. The phrase was applied to her singing; but it belongs equally well to her acting. There was the true, lady-like, natural sprightliness in her Rosetta; and she knew what to do with herself when she was not uttering sweet sounds—a great matter for a vocalist. How few singers know how to stand still on the stage! and how exceedingly rare it is to find one that is equal to that trying necessity which must so often occur, of having nothing to do! "*Rise gentle Moon*," and "*The Minstrel Boy*," were again the delight of the audience. Mr. Reynoldson played Hawthorn, and Mr. Jones executed the part of young Meadows with his usual ability and propriety, both as an actor and a singer; Mr. Placide and Mr. Fisher exchanged characters, and we think, to advantage. The Justice Woodcock of Mr. Placide, we thought an excellent piece of acting; as also the Deborah Woodcock of Mrs. Wheatley. We did not stay for the farce.

Friday—Mr. Wood's benefit—*Marriage of Figaro and Clari*—We have again to notice the excellent acting of Mrs. Wood. Her last scene in Clari, that where she meets her father, was splendid—In the course of the evening she repeated Black-eyed Susan—We are not sure that there is any ballad in which we listen to her with more exquisite gratification than in this—

By the way, it gives us great pleasure to be able to add our grateful testimony to the truth of the following observations of a cotemporary upon the improved state of the orchestral department—although we cannot exactly assent to the justice or logic of one expression, for that which is "talentless" can hardly be capable of improvement—"Mr. Penson deserves unqualified praise for the way in which he has remodelled and regenerated the orchestra; we hear that he has *some* factious, talentless people to deal with; let him be firm and persevere, and he will have the approbation of every lover of music—We can now, (thanks to this gentleman) really hear the piano passages, and cannot sufficiently express our satisfaction at the improvement which is nightly taking place—The artist-like manner in which the operas have been led, proves that Mr. Penson is a man of first rate talent; and we express this opinion the more strongly, because we are aware of a part of the material with which he has to deal."

We think that the management deserves some of the praise too; Mr. Simpson has commenced well, and he will have his reward.

Bowery.

A new drama of the most intense interest, as we are told, has supplanted Mazeppa—Jonathan Bradford has drawn and continues to draw excellent houses. Mr. H. Wallack is at present the great feature of this establishment.

WILMINGTON, Sept. 24.—*Melancholy Accident.*—On Sunday afternoon, a young lad, son of Doctor A. M. Freeman, Dentist, of this place, lost his life by a singular and shocking accident. In company with some lads of his own age, he had gone to the Stone quarry near the Swedes' Church, where they found a keg containing some powder, which they transmitted to their pocket. On their return, young Freeman was smoking a cigar, and after some time extinguished the fire, as he supposed; and put the cigar stump in the pocket containing the powder. The fire rekindled and the powder exploded, and he unfortunate boy was so severely burnt that he expired about 8 o'clock in the evening.

MAD FREAKS OF A CONDE.

When the Prince went to preside at the Assembly of the States of Burgundy, he took it into his head that he was transformed into a hare; and orders were issued to prohibit the ringing of the bells, because, on hearing them, his Royal Highness could scarcely be prevented from running into the woods.

At one time he fancied himself a plant, and having stationed himself in the little garden of the Hotel de Conde, he directed one of his pages, M. de Plainville, however, thinking it advisable to evade this singular order, laid down the two watering pots, which he had lifted, and fled to hide himself in the Hotel. At this the Prince was furiously enraged; but after a little time the whim passed away, and he forgot the trick that his page had played him.

His next extraordinary fancy, was to think himself dead. He then said he had no need of food; and he would probably have died of starvation, had not the following plan been devised to induce him to eat. Girard, one of his valets de chambre, whose son afterwards became the Duke's secretary, and Richard, another confidential servant, dressed themselves in clothes used for the dead, and presented themselves to the Prince, one pretending to be the late Marshal de Luxembourg, and the other his grandfather. After a long conversation on the realms of death, whence they pretended to have just arrived, they begged the Prince would accompany them to dine with Marshal Turenne.

He was surprised at the proposition, and replied that he was not aware the dead ever ate dinners. But having been assured of the contrary, he accompanied his supposed visitors to one of the vaults of the Hotel de Conde, where he found another of his servants in a winding sheet, personating Marshal Turenne. The whole party sat down to table and ate a very hearty dinner, which was served by domestics all habited in the livery of the grave.

While this hallucination continued, the Prince regularly took his meals in the vault, and as regularly received invitations from all the illustrious deceased of his acquaintance.

He very often imagined himself turned to a bat; and when this fit was upon him, he used to retire to a cabinet, which he had completely hung with cloth, through the fear that if he remained in his chamber, he should strike his head against the walls or ceiling.

Shortly after this, he gradually wasted away, and it was evident to all about him, that he could not long survive. The Princess, who was very devout, requested that M. de la Chetardie, the Cure of Saint Sulpice, would contrive some means of bringing him to confession. She also directed Mademoiselle de Maulevrier de Langeron, one of her maids of honour, who had great influence over the mind of the Prince, to speak to him on the subject. All this seemed to make a great impression on him.

About five o'clock one winter afternoon, he ordered one of his valets to call him a *fiacre*. He was in vain told that he had carriages of his own. He refused to make use of them, and the servant was obliged to get the *fiacre*, into which he stepped, rather shabbily dressed, in a large surtout. He strictly forbade any of his servants to attend him, especially Chiron, who was much attached to him.

The Princess, having been informed of the circumstance, ordered some of her attendants to follow the carriage; but they soon lost sight of it.

He first drove to the Bastile; but did not go in. He next proceeded to the Temple, and from thence to the convent of the Peres de l'Oratoire, where he asked for Father de la Tour, the general of the congregation.

The brother who came out to speak to him, seeing that the visitor was very shabbily dressed, told him that he was too late to see Father de la Tour. The Prince was urgent. "Father de la Tour," replied the brother "is with a Bishop; as soon as he is disengaged, I will inquire whether he will see you. The Prince waited patiently, notwithstanding the severe cold, for the space of an hour.

When the Bishop went away, Father de la Tour, who was not a little surprised to see the Prince, made some apology to him. They both drew near the fire, and they continued conversing till near eleven at night, when the Prince returned to the Hotel de Conde, where he found that his absence had occasioned great consternation. He ordered supper, and he was that same night seized with a fever, which never left him till his death.

Piracy and Murder.—Capt. Howard of the brig Texas, arrived yesterday from Cape Coast, furnishes the following account of a bloody transaction, which occurred on board on the 25th March.

"The brig left New York, under the command of Capt. Ellery, and John Walpole, of Philadelphia mate. On the 17th March, Walpole was superseded for misconduct, shortly after the captain died, and W. continued a passenger, doing no duty. On the 25th May, Mr. Babcock, supercargo, was taken with the coast fever, and died on board, at Elmina, after a month's illness. At this time, Walpole began to assume importance, telling the men he had charge of the vessel, and succeeded in getting the gold dust (200 oz.) on shore, where he intended to dispose of it. Capt. Howard having come on board, and learning the transaction, went on shore and succeeded in recovering the gold, and returned in company with Wapole, who then informed the crew that he was to return home as passenger, and advised them all to turn in and take a nap, as they must be tired, which they complied with. About two hours afterwards, W. finding them all asleep, entered the cabin, and shot Mr. Smith, 2d mate, of New Bedford, through the heart: he then turned to Capt. Howard, and fired a ball through his leg and another in his groin, and left him, as he supposed, dead. He then went on deck with three pistols, and shot John Gowing, carpenter, through the ribs, when the crew took him below, expecting that he would not recover. After this Walpole went to James Berry, showing him a piece of manuscript, and telling him he had shot three of the crew, and that he was captain now, and told him he had but five minutes to live, so to prepare himself; but as Berry could not read, he expressed a wish for W. to read it for him; in order to do which, he laid down his pistols, which B. got hold of and pitched them forward, and W. made for the cabin followed by B. Capt. H. laid on the transom, and showing signs of life, when W. began jumping on his breast, but seeing Berry advancing, seized another pistol, and fired at B. which fortunately missed him, and the ball struck the ceiling of the cabin, whereupon B. jumped across the captain, seized W. by the throat, threw him down, he catching up another pistol at the time, and firing at B.'s head, who luckily escaped this shot also, it going through the deck. One of the crew perceiving that Berry had the advantage, passed a pistol down the skylight to him, on which the blood thirsty villain begged for mercy, but Berry gave him the contents in his head, and left him to his fate lingering several hours in excruciating pain. The negro laborers on board, even refused to take hold of him to get him out of the cabin, but made a rope fast to his leg, and hauled him on deck, where he died.

Capt. H. remains in a very weak state, experiencing severe pains from the wounds, which are still unhealed. He thinks that Walpole must have meditated the attack some time, as he had from forty to fifty pistols, all double shotted, and that his intentions were to kill the crew while asleep, and turn slave dealer, as he frequently expressed such a wish.—*Mer. Adv.*

Crispin turned M. D.—In a neighboring county not an hundred years ago, a shoe maker having become a disciple of Dr. Thompson, procured a book and commenced the practice of medicine. He was shortly called to visit a patient, and putting on a long face and his book under his arm, he stalked into the room and made the necessary examination of the sick, and then retired to the front gallery of the house to consult his *vade mecum*. Having read for some time, he raised his head and enquired of the master of the house, "if he had a Sorrell Horse?"—"Yes I have a first rate one; he cost me $150."—"Well" said the doctor, "you must kill him." "I can't do that," said the owner, "he cost me too much." "Well, have you got a *sorrel* Sheep?" enquired our new physician. "I don't know but what I have, we can have the flock drove up and you can see; but what do you want with it?" Let me look at your book?" Taking the book from the doctor he read, "make a tea of *Horse Sorrel* or *Sheep Sorrel, &c.*," instead of a Sorrel Horse or Sorrel Sheep, as the Doctor understood it. Notwithstanding this slight mistake, Crispin is practising with much success, we understand, in the neighborhood of Port-Gibson.—*Natchez Courier.*

BEAUTIFUL MATS—There is nothing prettier in the way of a hall ornament than the variegated mats manufactured by G. & G. Jones & Co. of 49 Prune street, Philadelphia—The colors are brilliant, and what is still better, lasting—They can be made of any required pattern or size—specimens may be seen at the office of G. S. Mann 7 Tontine Coffee house.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF MY OLD BOOTS.

Home, without boots, and in bad weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
First Part Henry IV.

In paying a melancholy tribute of affection and regret to the memory of two departed friends, (says a correspondent of the Providence Journal) I may be found a garrulous, but, I trust, not a partial or prejudiced, biographer. Although feeling the most sincere and lively grief for their loss, I will endeavor so to command my feelings as "nothing to extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." I knew them from earliest infancy, to their common and untimely grave: I have seen—ah me, unhappy that must say *have seen*, their first and their *last*; Their situation in life was, indeed, a humble one, but their zeal in discharging their duties, their promptness and alacrity in encountering all its hardships, their correct department, their engaging appearance and manners, made them universally respected by all who knew them. Although it may seem paradoxical, it is nevertheless, true, that at the same time that the most perfect harmony existed between them, they were never known to be on the same side of any question; seldom or never known to enter simultaneously on any measure, and never known to cross each other, except things went wrong in the *head* of the department to which they were attached. They entered with untiring zeal, upon the duties of their station, which were arduous in the extreme, for I may say, without flattery, that they were the *bottom* and foundation of every important movement, and there never was any *stir abroad* of any consequence but they were sure to be a-foot, and active in it. In private life, their habits were thought, by many, to be very eccentric, but theirs was a harmless eccentricity. They had a mortal antipathy to dancing and ball-rooms, originating, as some of their friends thought, in a dislike to the sound of a fiddle. It may be so, but I doubt it, for they were partial to military music, always stepping out with great vivacity when it was played, and keeping step with a regularity that would have done honor to a drill serjeant.

Immediately upon coming home for the evening, they retired to rest, and could seldom, if ever, be prevailed upon to attend to any business before breakfast, employing the whole morning in *polishing up*, to appear abroad with credit. Indeed, their punctilious observance of the duties of the morning toilet, when contrasted with their strait-forward, dashing through-thick-and-thin way of doing business when abroad, made some people think them two odd fellows, and so, perhaps they were. They were so exceedingly sensible to cold, that when entering a warm room in the winter time, totally regardless of all the rules of good breeding, and "good society," they thrust themselves unceremoniously to the fire, before the rest of the company, even though there were ladies present. The very important services that they daily rendered caused this rudeness to be generally overlooked, the more readily as they were, not unfrequently the sufferers for their ill-breeding. In early life, they conceived themselves to be oppressed and trod upon by their superiors, and gave vent to their irritated feelings by loud and unharmonious squeaking, a mode expressing indignation analogous to the "coughing down" an unpopular speaker on the floor of Congress hall. A strict regard for truth compels me to admit that they had some most odious habits; they were never at a dinner party that they were not the very first of the company *under the table*, and that too, very frequently, before the cloth was removed.

Latterly, however, they seem to have become more temperate; at least, as they grew older, they manifested little or no horror at *heel-taps*, justly considered so disgraceful and insulting to a guest at a public dinner table, where patriotic toasts are "being drank." Whether this deplorable habit was owing to physical incapacity to *stand up* under much liquor, or to depraved and vicious taste, I know not, but such is the melancholy fact. Although I am "one of those gentle ones that would treat the d—l himself with courtesy," and would gladly strain the truth, even at the risk of tearing, in a *post mortem* sketch, like the present, two of the trustiest and worthiest of *soles* that ever lived, I conceive that I should be doing gross injustice to their memory, if I did not state facts as they are. They gently sunk to rest by a gradual decay of nature, and although for some time previous to their demise, in bodily appearance, they seemed as hale, hearty, and neat as ever, yet the rents that old age was daily opening in their systems, were soon discernible in the failure of their understandings. Indeed, they had long seemed weary of this hard working world, and their *soles* were impatient to take leave of those vile bodies and be at rest.—Peace be with them, gentle and well-tried friends! They were a lovely pair of rights and lefts in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided, for their straps were tied together, and they were thrown out of the back door in company. I never pass their humble graves without a sigh, as I recollect the thousand acts of unkind and ungrateful treatment they received at my hands. "Alas!" I say to myself, "my humble and firm supporters, if such is my unkindness to you, who will trust me with another pair like you?"

"They're gone o'er the mountain,
They are lost in the forest,
Like the summer-dried fountain,
When my corns were the sorest."

Camden and Amboy Rail Road—First Trip with the Locomotive.

The first trip across New Jersey on the Camden and Amboy Rail Road with the Locomotive Engine was made on Saturday last, in the 10 o'clock Line. The day was beautiful. Deep interest was manifested by the citizens of Bordentown—many having congregated on the wharf where the Philadelphia boats land the passengers, to witness the starting of the cavalcade of cars

It required a little time to get every thing, in preparation for the departure. About 1 o'clock, every thing was complete—the cars all fastened to each other—the locomotive puffing off steam seemed like a living creature eager for the race—the passengers, baggage, engineers, &c. in their several places. The start was then given, and the train proceeded up the rail road along the shore slowly at first—but rapidly increasing its speed at every successive second of time. Beginning at a rate of one mile an hour, in less than three minutes the speed was increased to five, then successively to eight, ten fifteen, twenty, and in some instances as high as thirty miles an hour. The train passed the bridge at Bordentown with great speed. The river, trees, houses, villages, every thing animate or inanimate, flew past with extraordinary velocity.

The speed varied according to the nature of the ground, and the obstacles presenting themselves; but several miles of the route were run over at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Sometimes cows, or other animals, would be hanging on the edges of the track. On such occasions it was necessary to diminish the speed, for fear of the danger of concussion. At the distance of eight or ten miles beyond Bordentown, one of the centre cars bolted from the track. This necessarily created some alarm and delay. The whole train was stopped in a few seconds, and the damaged car [for the concussion had broken part of its axle] turned out.

The cause of this car's bolting was accounted for by the circumstance of passing a wooden bridge with rather too much rapidity. The force and speed of the train caused the bridge to shake and vibrate, and in one of these vibrations, the car in question bolted from the track. The passengers in the car felt the concussion violently, but no injury was done.

One of the managers, who travels on the outside of the car to look ahead, observed the accident, and communicated it to the engineer—he stopped the engine, the broken car was taken off, the passengers put into other apartments, and away the whole train went again.

Throughout the whole route, the country people flocked to the edge of the road in all directions, gazing, admiring, wondering, speculating, and many holding up their hands and widening their mouths in deep admiration.

On reaching Hightstown, the opposite train from Amboy was found in waiting. The two trains then passed each other and proceeded on their several ways with their usual speed. The Bordentown train arrived in good condition in Amboy at three o'clock, having performed the thirty-six miles, excluding the different stops and accidents, in about one hour and forty minutes. The average time hereafter occupied in running the distance will not probably vary much from two hours.

The morning and evening lines have not yet changed horses for locomotives, but we learn that it will be done with all convenient speed. When the present boats at either end of the line shall be replaced by new ones, which we presume will not be long delayed, the whole distance can be passed in a little over six hours. Such are the triumphs of steam power!

P. S.—The steamboat Burlington, Capt Martin, of the 10 o'clock line, arrived yesterday afternoon, at 10 minutes past 5, having performed the trip between the two cities in seven hours and ten minutes.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Married,

On Sunday evening the 16th inst. by the Rev. A. McClay, Mr. Edward Speyers to Miss Eliza Le Fevre, al of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 17th inst. by the Rev. W. G. Miller, Alderman Samuel Dunshee, to Mrs. Sophia V. King, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 19th inst. by the Rev. W. G. Miller, Mr. John N. Lawrence to Miss Abigail C. Cooper, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Benedict, Mr. Sandford Fink to Miss Eliza Snow, all of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Benedict, Mr. Wm. Cornish to Miss Rebecca Stone, of Woodbridge, New Jersey.

On the 17th inst. Mr. James Reynolds to Miss Margaret Ann Curen.

On Sunday evening the 22d inst. Mr. Andrew A. Lockwood to Mrs. Julia Ann Dillingham.

On Thursday evening, 19th inst. by Rev. Christopher Hunt, of Nassau Mr. Charles S. Macfarlane to Miss Rachel Hunt, both of this city.

On Thursday, the 19th inst. by the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, Mr. William H. Whitney to Miss Sarah Ann Tims, both of this city.

On Wednesday morning, by the Rev. Thomas E. Vermilye, Mr. Wm. A. Stone, of Rahway, N. J. to Miss Ann Maria Mott, of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Berrian, Smith Lawrence, to Caroline, daughter of Samuel Betts, esqr.

At Schenectady, on Thursday evening, Mr. David C. Van Eps to Miss Catalina Van Patten.

Died,

On Monday morning, Edward Mulligan, son of Wm. C. Mulligan, in the 15th year of his age.

On Sunday evening, after a long illness, Alethia, daughter of the late Francis Johnson.

On Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Charity S. Conklin, aged 63.

On Sunday morning, in the 28th year of her age, Harriet Converse, wife of John F. Holbrook, of this city.

On Thursday, Ann Roberdeau, daughter of Jonathan T. Patten, aged 17 months.

On Thursday afternoon, after a lingering illness, John I. Perrot, son of Mr. John Perrot, in the 23d year of his age.

On Thursday morning, after a short and painful illness, Mr. Henry Luke, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. from an attack of paralysis, Timothy Street, esq. of Charleston, S. C. aged 56. He was for many years a highly respectable merchant of that city, and was of the house of T. & T. Street & Co.

On Wednesday afternoon, Frederick William, son of Capt. Alexander Coffin, Jr. aged 25 years.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Theophilus Bellon, aged 34 years.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Eliza Napier, wife of Capt. Wm. Napier, aged 37 years.

Suddenly, on Tuesday morning, Palmer Canfield, in the 43d year of his age.

On Monday afternoon, after a short illness, Mrs. Julia Cross, in the 20th year of her age.

On Friday morning, Sept. 20, of a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mr. David Weeden, in the 34th year of his age.

On Friday, Emma, infant daughter of Calvan and Harriet Babbidge.

On the 18th instant, at the residence of his brother, at Pleasant Plains, New Jersey, where he had gone on a visit, R. S. Garrettson, in the 73d year of his age.

At Woodbridge, N. J. on Sunday the 15th September, Mrs. Margaret Ogilvie, widow of the late Captain Thomas Ogilvie, of this city.

At Staten Island, on the 17th inst. Mr. James S. Perrine, aged 37 years. While he lived, he was respected and beloved by all who knew him; and his death is deeply lamented by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance.

On Monday morning, after a lingering illness, Mr. Henry Post, in the 76th year of his age.

At New Orleans, 1st, Mrs. Sarah Garson, aged 54, and on the 3d, Mr. Patrick Nareigh, carpenter, both late of this city.

GOSLING'S

CHEMICAL FRENCH BLACKING.

THE Subscriber begs leave to return his thanks to the writer of the following letter and lines, and for the high opinion expressed of his unrivalled Blacking. "A Stranger" will perceive that the subscriber has availed himself of a hint thrown out in the note enclosing the poetry. L. GOSLING.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1833.

To Mr. Gosling—

Dear Sir,—I have taken the liberty to enclose the following lines, thinking that they would answer as an advertisement. I was induced to do so from having used your Blacking, and feeling convinced that it is not equalled in the United States for preserving the leather, and giving a brilliant polish.

Your well wisher
A STRANGER.

"SOFT FELL THE DEW—A PARODY.

Soft fell the dew, and mild was the morn
That lovelily opened and wakened the dawn—
I have seen that dew fall, I have seen the morn break,
And the bright sun resplendent, in glory awake—
That sun casts a shade, but the shade when I met—
I found it was rivalled by GOSLING'S BLACK JET.

This easy shining and brilliant Blacking, prepared by GOSLING, No. 162 Nassau street, New York—and East Broadway, corner of Market. sept28

R. W. BOWDEN,

COPYIST AND WRITING CLERK,

NO. 5 PINE-STREET, NEW YORK.

R. W. B. respectfully solicits business in the above line, which shall be attended to with correctness and punctuality. He is also competent to post books, make out accounts, and attend to the general business of an office.

New York, Sept. 1833. sept 28

REMOVAL—Mr. JULIUS METZ, Professor of Music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from 14 Walker street, to No. 7 Mercer street, where he continues his professional duties. sept 28

DANIEL GODDARD & CO.

147 MAIDEN LANE.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF THE

PREPARED ONLY BY MOFFAT, PLUMMER & CO., BOSTON.

THIS is the most safe and efficacious remedy ever discovered for Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and all affections of the Lungs; composed of vegetable substances only, approved and recommended by physicians of the first respectability.

It is now about two years since the NEW ENGLAND COUGH SYRUP was first offered to the public, during which time it has found its way into all parts of the United States and British Provinces; wherever it has been introduced, the demand for it has been unprecedented, and the proprietors continue to receive from every quarter the most satisfactory accounts of its efficacy. In all cases where the directions have been strictly followed, the most salutary effects have been produced, and uniformly proving itself to be a specific for Influenza, Coughs, Cold, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and all affections of the Lungs. Numerous certificates have been received from persons who have used it, speaking in the highest praise of its efficiency; for some of which the public are referred to the bills of directions accompanying each bottle.

It is for sale in this city at the following places—at N. B. Graham's corner of William and Cedar sts; at Place and Souillard's, No. 2 Park Row; at Perkins & Thompson's, corner of Maiden Lane and Nassau sts; at Geo. Chilton's, 263 Broadway; at Marshall C. Slocum's corner of Broadway and Duane sts; at Geo. D. Coggeshall, corner of Pearl and Rose sts; at Isaac D. Neal's, 251 Pearl st, (Franklin square); at Whiting & Nowill's, corner of Catherine and Madison sts; at James W. Smith's, corner of Fulton & Hicks sts, Brooklyn; at J. & J. Coddington's No. 491 Greenwich street; at Rushton & Aspinwall's, 81 William st. and 110 Broadway. sept28 1t

Ars Veterinaria Post medicinam secunda est.

G. WRIGHT Veterinary Surgeon, member of the royal Veterinary College, London, having opened stables, &c for the cure of diseased Horses, at the corner of Rivington street and the Bowery, has no doubt of giving satisfaction to those gentlemen who may please to honor him with a call, as his mode of practice will be found to far exceed that of the old school. s21

FLUTE.

JOHN A. KYLE respectfully informs his friends and the public, that having resigned the situation he held in the Orchestra of the Park Theatre for the last three years, he intends to devote himself entirely to giving instructions on the Flute and Piano, and requests the patronage of the Ladies and Gentlemen of New York. Address, 50 Vesey street

Hours for Instruction from 9, A. M. to 2, P. M
s14

A Handsome suite of unfurnished apartments to let. Inquire 268 East Broadway. s14

WONDERFUL.

Is now ready for exhibition at the City Saloon, next door to the American Museum, in Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

THE MAMMOTH SYCAMORE TREE.

THIS unparalleled production of nature was reared on the banks of the Mohawk, in the town of Deerfield, Oneida county, in the state of New York, was cut down about two years ago, and removed from the place of its growth to the vicinity of Utica, where it has been occupied as a tavern until a few weeks since, when it was purchased with a view of taking it to Europe. An opportunity is now presented to the citizens of New York, and the adjacent towns and villages, to view *this Monarch of the woods* before its departure from our shores. Its exterior *is coated with bark as when taken from the forest*; its interior has been completely hollowed out and furnished as a saloon, capable of accommodating upwards of forty men. So immense is the bulk of this tree, that upon the removal of the *trunk only* from the place of its growth, *thirty-one cords of wood were required*. There has never been any thing of the kind exhibited in the world that will bear the remotest comparison. The large BLACK WALNUT TREE, exhibited some years in this city to the wonder and astonishment of thousands, is a mere *sapling* when compared to this. The whole is calculated to strike the observer, and impress him with a sense of the stupendous operations of nature, and a veneration for that Omnipotent Power, the Maker of all things.

In addition to the above will be exhibited in the same saloon, and without any additional charge—

THE BEAUTIFUL HALL OF INDUSTRY.

Containing, the whole process of manufacturing cotton and woollen cloths and cards, all moved and put in motion by the power of dogs, of itself one of the most amusing and intresting exhibitions, particularly for the *younger branches of families*, schools, &c.

Ample arrangements have been made to accommodate the crowd.

☞ Tickets 25 cents. Entrance to the right of the Museum entrance.

Principals of Schools and Academies can make arrangements for the admission of their respective pupils on accommodating terms. Not more than three schools will be admitted in the course of one day. Early application is necessary. sept 28

WASHINGTON COFFEE HOUSE AND CUSTOM HOUSE LUNCH.

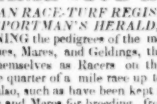
Corner of Cedar and Nassau-streets.

☞ This Establishment has been opened at the request of numerous friends of the subscriber, and gentlemen may depend upon being furnished with refreshments of the best kind the markets can afford. An ordinay every day from 12 till 4. Soups of every description. Oysters in all their varieties. Tea and Coffee at all hours. Newspapers from the Metropolis and the provincial towns of England, are kept on file.

s7 W. HIGGS.

RICHARD BLAKELOCK, respectfully informs the public, that he has opened the Eighth Ward Hotel, 166 Spring-street, and hopes, by keeping good articles and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage and support. aug17

NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW-JERSEY.

STEAM  BOAT

HOUSE,

No. 85 WEST-STREET, NEW-YORK.

J. HALL, thankfully acknowledges past patronage, and assures his friends and the public, that no pains shall be spared on his part to make every thing comfortable.

Board by the day or week. Relishes at all hours. aug17

T. WHALE & SON, Professors of the polite art of Dancing, have the honor of making known to their friends, the Ladies and Gentlemen of New York, that their Select Academy will open for the season at 268 East Broadway on Wednesday the 2d of October. Days of tuition, Wednesdays and Saturdays for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, under the age of fifteen, from 3 till 6. The Senior Class of Gentlemen from 7 till 9.

Mr. W. flatters himself from the long experience he has had in his profession, under the most eminent teachers in England and France, and from the high reputation he has acquired in the principal cities in England and the United States of America, that his fashionable style of instruction will meet with the general approbation of those Ladies and Gentlemen who may be pleased to honor him and his son, with the patronage which he has been so liberally favored with since his return to the city of New York.

Private Classes and Ladies and Gentlemens Seminaries attended on the same terms as at the school, viz:—Ten dollars per quarter,—twenty-four lessons to the quarter,—half payable in advance.

N. B. Private Lessons given at their residence from ten till one every morning in the week. s14 1m

STATE OF NEW-YORK.
SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
ALBANY, August 10th, 1833.

☞ SIR—I hereby give you notice, that at the next general election in this State, to be held on the 5th and 6th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen in the first Senate District, in place of Alpheus Sherman, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Notice is also given, that at the said election the following proposed amendments to the Constitution of this State, will be submitted to the people, viz:

1. For electing the Mayor of the City of New-York, by the electors thereof.

2. For authorizing the Legislature to reduce the duties on Salt.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

N. B.—The Inspectors of election in the several Wards in your county, will give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State.

J. WESTERVELT.
Sheriff City and County of New-York.

Sheriff's Office, Aug. 16th, 1833.

☞ All the Newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and send their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office. aug31 1awtNov6

GENERAL STUD BOOK,

AMERICAN RACE, TURF REGISTER AND SPORTMAN'S HERALD.

CONTAINING the pedigrees of the most celebrated Horses, Mares, and Geldings, that have distinguished themselves as Racers on the American Turf, from one quarter of a mile race up to four miles and ranges; such as have been kept in the stud—as Stallions and Mares for breeding, from the earliest period to the present time; and from which have descended the most valuable blooded stock at present in the United States. The whole calculated for the use and information of Amateurs, Breeders and Trainers of that most noble and useful animal, the Horse. Compiled from the papers, letters, memorandums, stud-books, and newspapers, of the most celebrated and distinguished sportsmen; also from other sources of the most correct information.

By Patrick Nisbett Edgar, of Granville Co. North Carolina. In two volumes.

New York—Prosaf Henry Mason, 76 Maiden Lane aug31

CASTLE GARDEN—H. MARSH has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that the Garden is now open for the season, and by recent repairs, additions and alterations, it is now one of the most enviable places of the kind in this world; and he pledges himself that no effort within his reach shall be wanting to conduct his Establishment in such a manner as to meet with public approbation. His well known and justly celebrated Band of Martial Music, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as leader, will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. &c.

Fire Works every pleasant evening at 9 o'clock.

Admittance one shilling, for which refreshment will be furnished. j22

AMERICAN PERFUMERY.

TWO MERCHANTS AND DEALERS IN PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES.—The subscribers offer a splendid and general assortment of perfumery, not to be equalled in the country, and on a scale of quality and neatness, with any imported, which they offer on terms liberal, and solicit purchasers to an inspection of their assortment. SNYDER & CO.

Importers of and Dealers in English and French Perfumery, 39 Cedar corner of William-st. s30

E. W. WALGROVE,

Merchant Tailor, No. 6, Wall street,

INFORMS the traveller and his fellow-citizens generally that he has constantly on hand a choice selection of blue, black, and colored Cloths, Kerseymeres and Vestings, which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable and best style of workmanship, or to suit the taste of those who may extend to him their patronage.

Gentlemen travelling in the city can rely on having their orders despatched agreeably to their wishes. nov 1 tf

MR. SULLIVAN'S DISCOURSE.

INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at Boston, August, 1833, on the means of procuring intelligence and happiness among the people of the United States. By William Sullivan, one of the officers of the Institute.

This day published, by
s14 CARTER, HENDEE & CO.

Races to Come.

NEW-YORK

RACES

COMMENCE over the UNION COURSE, L. I. on Tuesday the First October, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY, the match for $1000 aside—four miles out, between Col. Johnson's gr. c. Cadet, by Medley, dam Sally Walker, and Mr. John C. Stevens' b. c. Niagara, by Eclipse, dam Romp.

Also, a Sweepstakes—two mile heats—entrance $500—half forfeit.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John C. Craig, names gr. c. Jessup, by Medley dam Betsey Robinson. 2. Charles Green, names Maj. Jones's b. c. S. Hamet, by Eclipse, dam Princess. J. R. F. Stockton, names bl. c. Shark, by Eclipse, dam Lady Lightfoot. 4. R. F. Stockton, names his colt Monmouth. 5. Wm. R. Johnson, names b. f. full sister to Henry Clive.

It is rare in the annals of racing that two such contests occur on the same day—in both, North stands arrayed against South, Jessup and Cadet, are the *brag* colts of the latter, whilst Shark and Niagara have never been beaten.

SECOND DAY, Proprietor's Purse, $300—two mile heats.

THIRD DAY, Proprietor's Purse, $400—three mile heats.

FOURTH DAY, Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats.

Since the last Races, the whole Field has been enclosed, and in addition to the old entrance, one has been made on the Turnpike. As now all have to pay entrance at the Gate, the Public Stand has been reduced from 50 to 25 cents. Tolls at the Gate as heretofore. ALEX'R L. BOTTS.

sept 21

RULES FOR THE TROTTING MATCHES ON THE CENTREVILLE COURSE.

Members Tickets—to admit for September and October, $5.

All who are not members shall pay the following Tol

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. al2 1y

JOHN MAGNIN Importer of Watches, Clocks Musical Boxes, Materials and Tools for watch makers, &c. &c. No. 22 Wall street, july27

G. L. SLOAN & CO. COACH AND CARRIAGE MAKERS, No. 58 First street. july 27

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs. Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square.
Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. june 28

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

JBARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MELKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILILAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 68 Wall street.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN, Merchant Tailor and Draper, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's]

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York.
N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. R. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way. dec8-

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE, and annals of the American and English Turf, commenced March 1823—an imperial octavo, published in numbers monthly, each number embellished with two colored plates, wholly dedicated to sporting subjects and fancy pursuits, embracing all the Turf operations of moment in both England and the United States.—Terms, $10 per annum in advance. All orders addressed to the editor will meet with prompt attention Office No. 9 Mercer street. ft 22f

TRUSS COMMUNICATION.—The attention of those afflicted with Hernia is called to a new Truss lately patented in this city, and sold at No. 2 Ann street. Its superiority over every other instrument will be evident on a mere inspection, for unlike every other truss with which I am acquainted, the rupture-pad is pressed upon by a double spring, which is so fixed as to convey the necessary pressure to the lower part of the rupture-pad, thus keeping the pad closely applied in every attitude of body, and adjusting and adapting itself under all circumstances to the person and to the part to which it is to be applied Possessing a double spring and consequently a double degree of elasticity, it is rendered easy and convenient to the wearer. j22

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price. free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

MAVERICK,
ENGRAVER & PRINTER, will pay the strictest attention to all orders received for Bank Notes, Book Plates, Cards, Seals, &c.
Franklin Office, 85 Liberty.-s

COAL—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by JACOB SOUTHART,

CENTRAL HOUSE.—Late Patriot House—by WELDEN & WEBB, 156 Chatham street, up stairs. june 29

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Segar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

LONDON HAIR CUTTING.
G. WADE of 4 1-2 Wall street, having devoted his time to the art of Hair Cutting, for the last ten years, flatters himself, that if the Gentlemen of New York will favor him with a trial of his abilities, it will merit a continuance of their favors.
Agent for Gallis's celebrated Dye Powder, by using which, red or Grey Hair is changed to a permanent black March 9

EXHIBITION OF THE

HALL OF INDUSTRY.

THE citizens of New York and its vicinity, are respectfully informed that the proprietors of Morgan's useful and wonderful novelty, consisting of three Manufactories of Cotton and Woollen Cloths, and Cards in full operation, by the power of Dogs, are exhibiting at the CITY SALOON, Marble Building, opposite St. Paul's Church, Broadway, for a short time. Ladies and gentlemen who are disposed to patronize useful, interesting, and novel ingenuity, are invited to call and examine.
Hours of exhibition from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., from 3 to 6, and from 7 1-2 to 10 in the evening. Admittance 25 cents. aug24 2m

TO FAMILIES AND GROCERS.
PATENT MOULD CANDLES.

THE candles are peculiarly adapted for summer use, and will remain hard in the warmest climate. They are particularly recommended to Families, not only for economy, but cleanliness, as they will burn longer than the Sperm, and do not produce a cup around the wick to retain any of the melted tallow,—which in the sperm and the ordinary tallow candle is so liable to spill when moved. Manufactured and for sale only by W. HULL & SON, No. 189 Front st. may 31. tf

PATENT SPIRIT LIGHT.—G. MICHELL, Inventor and Manufacturer of the new discovered SPIRIT LAMPS, 194 Division street, N. York, which for brilliancy and economy, far surpasses any other light offered to the public. They burn five hours for two cents, without any attention. The great encouragement they have received, is the best recommendation. dec8 6m

CIRCULAR CIRCULARUM PROBONO PUBLICO, No. 208 Bowery.—E. S. LOWERRIE is located at No. 208 Bowery, and has for sale an unique nfinatum ad valorum variety of Fancy Hardware and Haberdashery, consisting of all things useful, komikal or ornamental, at wholesale or retail, and cheap for cash, credit or barter. Feb 16

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

S. H. VALENTINE,
EAGLE HOTEL,
603 Broadway. aug17

THE RED HOUSE,
BY JAMES DAVIS,
548 BROADWAY.
Wines and Liquors of the best quality. aug31

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j23 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalelled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 5th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.

Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshment he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.

The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings,* Per week. $2.00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

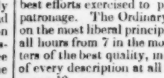
CONGRESS HALL.
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

COLUMBIAN & NATIONAL HOTEL,

THE NATIONAL HOTEL, occupied by B. Jesup, and the COLUMBIAN HOTEL, lately occupied by Philander Foljes, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the public, have been connected for the purpose of furnishing more extensive accommodations and conveniences to travellers and boarders. The buildings have been put in excellent repair, and the Parlors, Sitting Rooms and Chambers so arranged as to furnish the greatest comfort and convenience to private families, travellers and boarders. The furniture is new, and in style corresponding with hotels of the first class. The location is in South Market street, opposite the North River Steamboat landing. The subscriber will give his personal attention to the accommodation and comfort of his guests, and will be responsible for the urbanity and fidelity of his servants. He will claim no more of public patronage than his assiduity in business and the conveniences of his establishment justly entitle him to. A porter, with a wagon, will be in attendance to convey baggage to and from the steamboats, free of charge. B. JESUP.
Albany, june 25.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in NewYork the 3rd day.—Returning, leaveWorcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Watbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sudays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 1 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell

Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. nov 30

Stages and Steamboats.

FARE REDUCED TO $2 50.
NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, AND BALTIMORE.

Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.

The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reside's splendid Troy-built Coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.

FARE REDUCED TO $2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick, 12 1-2
" " Princeton, 1 00
" " Trenton 1 50
Breakfast on board 37 1-2

Passengers by this line will find superior accommodation, the bar and table being equal to the best Hotels.

This line is connected with the Baltimore People's Line, which leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock, A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.

For passage, apply on board the boat, Pier No. 2, or to THOMAS WHITFIELD, No. 1 Courtlandt st. and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington st. opposite pier No. 2.

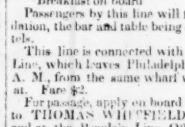
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.

WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
J. RESSIDE & CO. Proprietors.

P. S. In consequence of a late advertisement of the Amboy Rail Road Company, relative to the protection which the Legislature of New Jersey have granted to the public against impositions that have been practised upon them by the combination of lines to raise the fare between New York and Philadelphia, the proprietors of the People's Line deem it an act of justice towards themselves, as well as for the satisfaction of the public, to state the following unshrinkable facts.

In the spring of 1829 the Proprietors of the Union Line, and now the principal owners and Directors of the Rail Road Company, entered into a combination with the old *Citizen's Line,* whereby having *two-thirds* of the stock of both Companies, the fare was raised to Four Dollars in the Summer and Six Dollars in the Winter, which was effected by their own act, and not by the Proprietors of the People's Line, as unjustly stated by them. And if it is true, that by the *first* section of their Charter, more than Three Dollars cannot be charged, why did the Rail Road Company during the last winter exact Five Dollars as the regular fare between the two cities ? aug3

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.



Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.

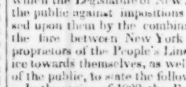
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.

For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Exeter-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their fare on board the Boats, as I, B. WILDER, Agent.

N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats ; *evidently designed* to give the *impression in full,* that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.

As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.



THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Sucksawny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta,* for *Milford.* On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown* to *Milford.* Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose,* to *Oswego,* and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva,* daily.

Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY.
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.

N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received no cash, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered by him, that he does not like redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 25, 1833. Jan 26

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.

FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 2d day.

RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent*

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS,
DYE STUFFS, &c &c

HULL & ROWNE, No. 128 Maiden lane, between Pearl and Water streets, New York, have on hand a general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye Woods, Chemicals, &c. which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms, and in quantities to suit purchasers.

White and Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Spanish Brown, Verditer, Epsom Salts, in barrels and kegs; Glauber do do do ; Alum, in barrels or kegs ; Arrow Root, best Bermuda do do do 2d quality, Balsam Tolu in jars, Balsam Capevi in demijohns and bottles, Oil Almonds in cannisters and bottles, Chrome Yellow Prussian Blue, Oil Vitriol in carboys and bottles, Aqua fortis in do do, Muriatic Acid in do do do, ground and chipped Eye Woos in barrels, Madder in casks and barrels, Alcohol in barrels, Copal, Japan, and Mastic Varnish, Camphor, Castile Soap, Ink Powder, Kidder's best, do do 2d quality, Sandlaz Powders, Soda Powders, Lee's Pills, Windham and New London Court Plaster, Opodeldoc, Mead's Pills for dyspepsia, Indian Specific for coughs, Foreign and American Patent Medicines, Medicine Chests for families, and every article in their line may 2

P. O'BRIEN, Tailor, Draper and Clother, No. 153 Centre street. m18.

Stages and Steamboats.

STAGE OFFICE.
Earle's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.

Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage, via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woolstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.

Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro, Westboro, Grafton, Milbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Exte Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.

COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 2 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

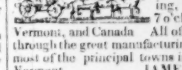
PHŒNIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.

LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hall, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany, second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy.
GEO. JONES, Boston.
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $5.

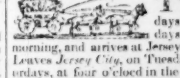
LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 436 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 536 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thusdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



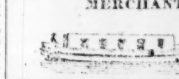
COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) a 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire Vermont, and Canada All of th above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City,* on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'cloed in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Manch Chunk, Patterson, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street. New-York ; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANTS' LINE.



TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water-st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany ; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester ; Barker & Holt, Buffalo ; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa ; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O. ; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O. ; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O. ; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDES, No. 11 ELM STREET, BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leave Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Easton, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply at Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilde's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats of stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M. ; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS Agent.

WINTER FASHIONS,
At H. T. STURLEY'S, 255 Broadway, 2 doors from Peale's Museum.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY colored and blk Silk Cloaks, made in a superior style and latest patterns. A large assortment of French Caleoes; gentlemen and ladies' Silk, Cotton, Merino, Angola, Lamb's wool and Worsted Hose. Gloves, of every description, and a splendid assortment Fancy Shawls. Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, and a general assortment of every article in French and English fancy goods. Gentlemen's Fancy Stocks, Collars, &c. which will be offered at the lowest prices. nov 10

TO CHAIR MAKERS.—Gold leaf and bronzes of suitable colors for chair makers, at the lowest prices, delivered free of charges from the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watts st. New York, by GEORGE S. WAITE. j19

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine,* and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 26.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.

ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD !*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of coasting-rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at a fair estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warrants the Sofa Bedstead to fully answer the description which has been given of its merits; and, from his long experience in this particular line of business, all attempts at imitation on the part of Pretenders, may be regarded as impositions, and, as such, ought to be guarded